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The Sketch

"Babette": by John Strevens

AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

No. 2869 Vol. CCXXI

SEPTEMBER 22, 1954

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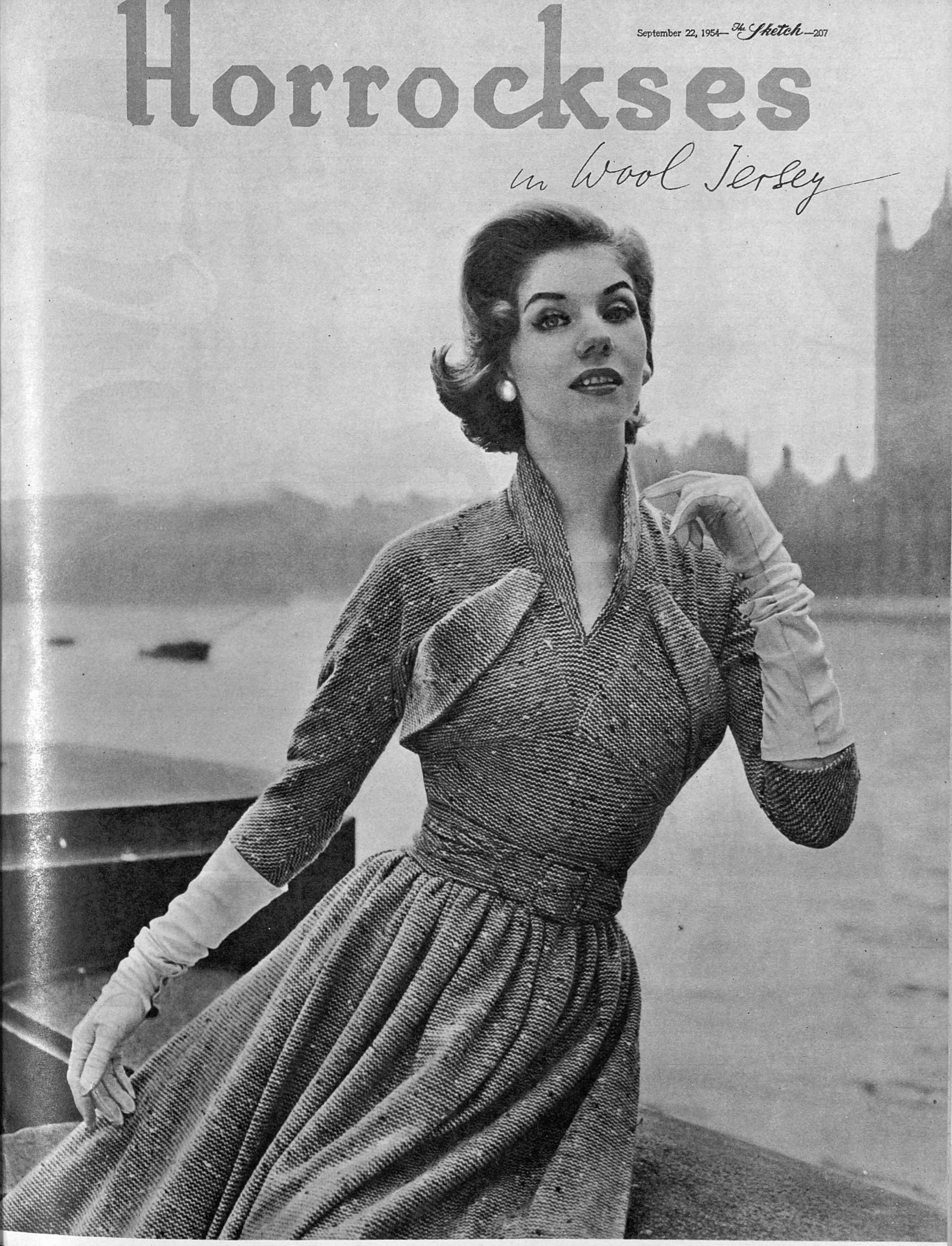
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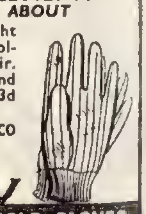

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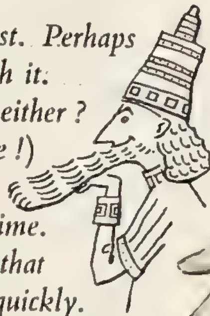

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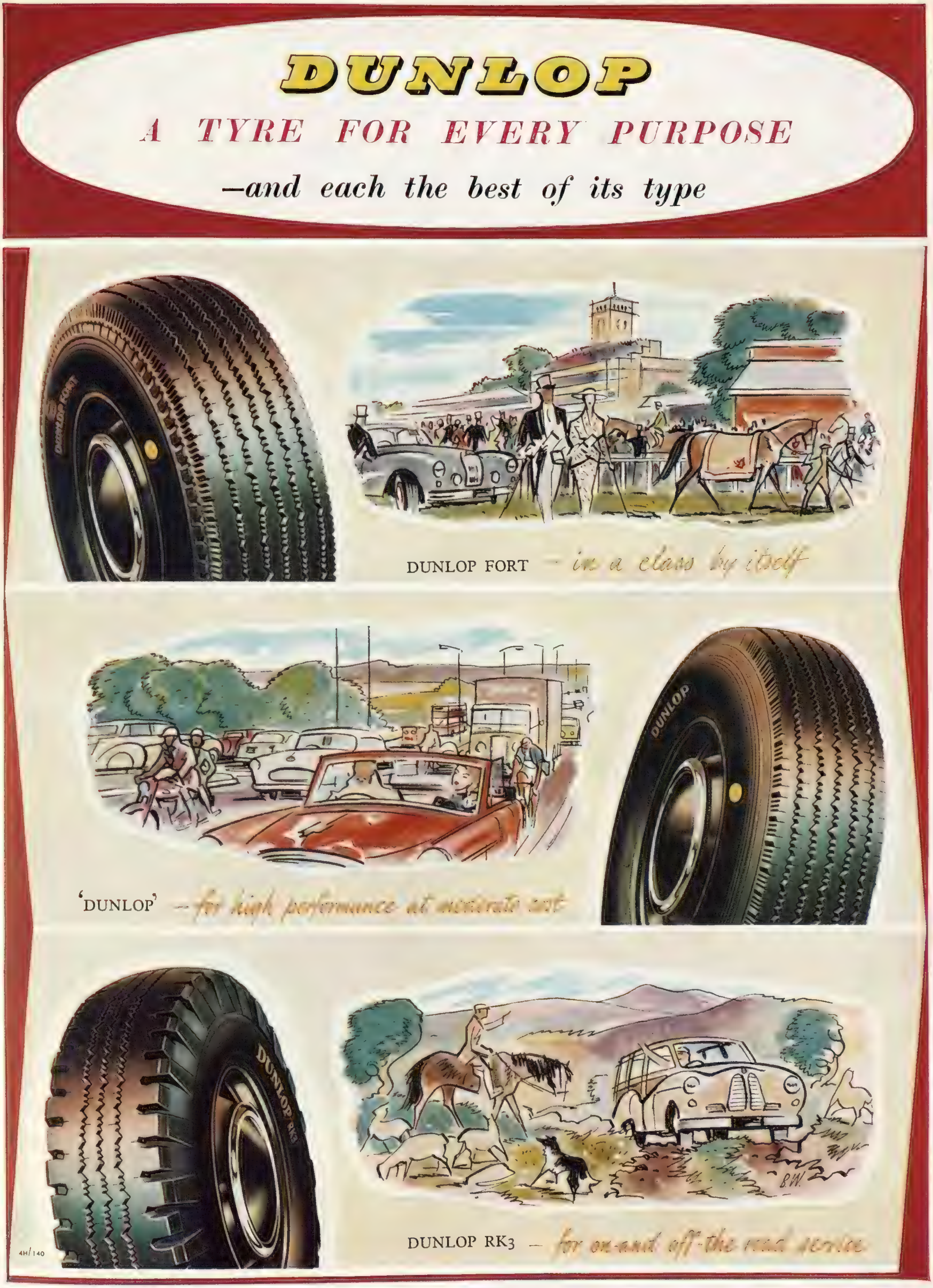
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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1954.
Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.
(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers

FASHION DESIGNERS' PRESIDENT

As the new President of the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers, Lady Pamela Berry, the beautiful and talented wife of the Hon. Michael Berry, who succeeded his father, the late Lord Camrose, as editor-in-chief of the *Daily Telegraph*, is a singularly happy choice. Daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead, Lady Pamela grew up in a household in which all the members took an equally lively interest in literature, the arts, and politics. With two sons, two daughters, and two homes—a delightful Queen Anne house in Westminster, and their country home in Berkshire—to fill her time, she would certainly seem to lead a busy enough life without tilting a lance at the fashion "windmills" of Rome and Paris. But with her acknowledged flair for clothes and very real concern for the prestige of British fashion, we feel that Lady Pamela will succeed in injecting a welcome vitality into her chosen field of endeavour.

"BUNGALOW ON THE HIMALAYA-TIBET ROAD," by Satyendra Nath Ghosal.

This picture was one of those shown in the exhibition of paintings depicting the life of the Sherpas and other Himalayan tribes which was opened at the Imperial Institute, in South Kensington, on September 1st by Sir Lancelot Graham. At thirty-three, Mr. Ghosal is one of India's leading painters and is head of the Department of Fine Arts at the Government College of Art and Craft, Calcutta. To find some of his subjects, the artist has sometimes had to work at a height of 14,000 ft., and the studies of these hill tribes make one of the most interesting collections London has seen for some time.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

A KIPLING quotation which is a favourite of mine occurred to me when I arrived hot and tired recently at 1 a.m. at the Hotel de l'Europe at Avignon. It is the one from *Brugglesmith*, where he says : "*The fool seeks to ingratiate himself with Princes and Ministers ; and courts and cabinets leave him to perish miserably. The wise man makes allies among the police and the hansoms, his friends spring up from the round-house and the cab rank, and even his offences become triumphal processions.*" In the modern world one should, perhaps, add private secretaries and hotel *concierges* to the list. The private secretary, whether in business or the world of government, is in nine cases out of ten far more important than the boss. I seem, for instance, to have earned the displeasure of the secretary to one distinguished gentleman. As a result, I have to ring him up at his home if I want to speak to him. During office hours he is apparently in a perpetual conference, or "somewhere about the building : I 'll get him to ring you back "—which he never does.

Concierges are equally invaluable. It was to the admirable efforts of Lorenzi, the *concierge* at the Hermitage in Monte Carlo, who had telephoned ahead, that we owed the fact that there was waiting for us in our room a supper and a bottle of champagne on ice. It had been an exasperating day. We had intended to set out in the early hours of the morning, only to find that the clutch plate of the car was almost burnt out. A garage which, like others, is supposed to specialise in British cars showed itself to be British only in the fact that it couldn't care less. *If* we could get a new clutch plate from somewhere (which they doubted), they *might* be able to do the job in four days. Happily, the makers had a representative in Nice who had just one clutch plate to fit this particular model. Luckily, too, we found a garage with two young Italian mechanics, who worked on it to such good effect that the job was done in about six hours. What with one thing and another, however, we were twelve hours behind schedule, and the two-hour traffic jam all along the Riviera, and the long, dinnerless drive in the dark and the rain to Avignon, made one bless the efforts of the good Mr. Lorenzi at the other end.

BIARRITZ, where we met the Selwyn Lloyds (after a 400-mile drive through continuous rain so heavy that I saw something I have never witnessed before : this was the sight of cars in daytime, not merely with their sidelights, but their head-lamps full on), was grey with "Atlantic" weather. And so, too, to a slightly lesser degree, was San Sebastian, where we were most royally dined and wined by Miguel Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Ambassador in London, whose natural generosity was still further increased by the highly successful previous evening he had had at the Casino in Biarritz.

Everyone has his or her own taste. Personally, though, I do not know why Biarritz and San Sebastian are so popular,

when both France and Spain have Mediterranean resorts to offer. You can have the Atlantic as far as I am concerned. It is grey, it is cold, and has a fidgety habit of moving up and down. The Mediterranean, however, is blue, clear, warm without disadvantages such as the sharks and other unpleasant animals to be found in tropical waters, and, on the whole, is normally pretty calm. I imagine that in the case of Biarritz its popularity is a relic of the days when Edward VII. made it fashionable, and that of San Sebastian from the days when the Spanish Royal Family developed the habit of moving the seat of Government there from the heat of Madrid. We, who are sun-worshippers, may deplore the Atlantic tendency to rain (at San Sebastian, the day after we left, the district had a cloud-burst which unloaded 39 ins. in twenty-four hours of it!), but the lush green Alpine scenery of the neighbourhood must, I suppose, seem extremely pleasant to someone who has been sweltering in Madrid with temperatures in the 90's or the 100's.

Still, the clear skies and the bright blue of the Mediterranean at S'Agaro, on the Costa Brava, were a pleasant change for us after so many weeks of shocking English and Continental weather. S'Agaro is a dream-place—almost literally. For when thirty years ago my good friend Señor Jose Ensesa Gubert first decided to build a house there, it was nothing but a bare, scrub-covered headland. Ensesa, however, saw it through the eyes of an artist and an architect (he also had the additional advantage of seeing it through the eyes of a millionaire). As a result, his dream took shape, so that where once was rock and scrub there now is a perfect harmony of white, red-roofed buildings—all of which he has designed himself—set among the tall trees which he planted (what a lovely tree the eucalyptus is!), and with vista succeeding vista of blue sea. If you once become a friend of a Spaniard you are a friend for life. It was only some time afterwards, for example, that we learnt that there had really been no rooms available for us, but that Señor Ensesa made the builders work three shifts all round the clock for days on end to get ready two fine new rooms, which weren't scheduled to be opened this year—and got the Bishop of Gerona over the day before our arrival to bless them for good measure!

I suppose, too, that the lunch which we had at his private house was about as near heaven as this sinner is ever likely to get. Imagine lunching out-of-doors under a tamarisk tree, with a terrace falling down, past a fountain, to green, English-style lawns (themselves a miracle in Spain), and the eye led on through arch after arch of three separate dazzling white colonnades, each forming a frame for the next, and each providing a glimpse of the sea. Contemplate this in good company with amusing conversation, and after a wonderful lunch, and you have, I submit, an agreeable experience to remember for a lifetime. Certainly both Selwyn Lloyd and I came to that conclusion.

Selwyn, incidentally, showed himself a natural master of an innovation since I was at S'Agaro last—American skittles. Unfortunately, we were never able to try our hand at what the advertisements on the tables at the hotel described as "*Le passionant nouveau jeu du Sinking Ball.*" Alas! the young lawyer attached to the municipal waterworks in Barcelona, who invented it, had never succeeded in ironing out all the bugs in it. In spite of coming out on his motor-bicycle every week-end, he never succeeded in getting it to work, so it is possible that I shall go to my grave not knowing exactly what this enigmatic game may be.

THE less sophisticated entertainments are often the best. We went over in a large party arranged by Señor Ensesa's son and daughter to a near-by folk dance festival. (The family atmosphere in S'Agaro is strong; all the Ensesa children speak perfect English and are possessed of the genuine charm which comes from the heart, not from the head; the grandchildren being gravely good-mannered, even the tiny boys solemnly kissing the ladies' hands on introduction.) These delightful dances are the result of years of patient research, as most of them had been "lost" with the passage of centuries and the onset of modernism. All the dancers, like the members of the orchestra, are amateurs. I was pleased to see, for instance, our friend the local shoemaker, who had led the band at a Sardana competition a few days before, in his accustomed place with his *tenora*—an instrument which can be best described as resembling an oboe with growing pains. "Melancholy Jaques," as we had christened him, is pale and cadaverous in repose. As soon as he sets his *tenora* to his lips, however, a magical transformation takes place. His face swells, it becomes purple, and he blows himself cross-eyed for the honour of Catalonia. Unfortunately, these dances are, as our host remarked sadly, the hobby of enthusiasts, the all-pervading influence of the American film substituting boogie-woogie for them, just as the B.B.C. accent is ironing out all the robust dialects which lent charm, vigour and diversity to the English scene.

Among those watching the elegant and lively caperings was General Schreiber, who was staying at the hotel, a few miles away, run by John Langdon-Davies, the author. At least, he only runs it as an incredibly cheap pension for the British, for four months in the year, the rest of the time being devoted to his writing—an ideal existence. The house, which belonged to the lord of the manor, was empty for nearly twenty years. The last occupant, who was greatly beloved, had attempted to recoup his fortunes by gambling in German marks, with disastrous results. He died, as the locals put it, "of chagrin."

General Schreiber could well have permitted himself the same fate. He was the commander of the First Army, whose preparations and training for the North African landings he had supervised. On the eve of the invasion he happened to have a "medical" which revealed that he was not technically fit, and so had to remain behind—feeling, I imagine, rather as Menelaus would have felt if he had got malaria on the eve of the departure for Troy, and had had to hand over the command to Ulysses, Ajax, Achilles, or some other Greek divisional commander.

THE other day I had an opportunity of looking over the new Oliver Messel penthouse suites on the roof of the Dorchester (it is not easy to find such an opportunity, as the rooms are very much sought after and, even if the occupants are not in, transatlantic "scanties" left lying about tend to detract from the classic beauty of Mr. Messel's *décor*). It is curious how the pattern of artistic patronage has changed. In the Middle Ages the artist's patron was the Church; in Tudor and Stuart times, the monarchy; in the eighteenth century the great Whig aristocracy; in the nineteenth and early twentieth, the new middle classes. To-day, oil companies and hotels, London Transport or the State, in the person of Sir David Eccles, have taken over the rôle of a William of Wykeham, a Charles I. or a Cavendish Bentinck.

1. Graduation. A chorus of male and female dons sends Timothy (John Warner) and Jane (Eleanor Drew)—both holding their degrees—out into the world. These have been their happiest days and all that, but they determine never to look back.

2. *Find Yourself Something To Do!* Timothy's parents (Michael Aldridge and Dorothy Reynolds) are tired of seeing him late for breakfast and unemployed. Aunt Prue (Pat Heywood) is as sympathetic as she dare be.

5. *Look At Me: I'm Dancing!* This is the virtue of the piano—whenever it is played, people begin to dance. They can't stop until the piano stops. Worse, they *enjoy* dancing. It's scandalous—of course, the police will have to do something about it. Dumb Troppo (Bob Harris—in the striped underwear) goes round with the hat.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

Salad Days

The successful Bristol Old Vic production of *Salad Days* has been brought to the Vaudeville Theatre, and will probably be there for some time. Written especially for the Bristol Old Vic—where its composer and part-author, Julian Slade, was once a student—it is a sort of red-brick undergraduate romp, high-spirited and likable, which, had it been written and performed in either Oxford or Cambridge, might easily have been spoiled by pseudo-sophistication. Because it seems undergraduate in inspiration, *Salad Days* has been cited as an example of the London theatre's "return to amateurishness," but the amateur impression that it manages to give is most professionally and artfully contrived;

6. Asphinxiation. Determined to stop all this enjoyment is the Minister of Pleasure (Michael Aldridge; *right*). He carries a torch for Asphinxia (Dorothy Reynolds), who sings torch songs in a night-club. Sand—and her hair—gets in her eyes.

7. Maladministration. Troppo and Timothy interrupt a Fashion Show to break the news that the piano has been stolen. *We're Looking for a Piano*, sing the cast, and subsequent adventures take them in and out of a flying saucer before they find it.

3. Interpolation. We are introduced to Jane's Mama (Yvonne Coulette) at the Beauty Parlour. She wants Jane to be married to some eligible young man. Jane, however, decides to marry Timothy. After all, they can fall in love afterwards.

4. The Piano. Her Majesty Queen Victoria remarked of it in the hearing of many eminent persons, "You have made a piano, Mr. Mishkin." The Tramp (Newton Blick) gives newly-married Jane and Timothy the job of looking after it for a month.

spontaneous good humour, night after night, needs experienced production and performances.

The plot is only an excuse for hummable tunes and a number of jokes; it concerns a piano that, when it is played, magicks everyone who hears it into dancing. *Salad Days* moves in a leisurely way around the implications of this situation, making excursions into a Beauty Parlour, the Foreign Office, and a Night Club, lingering awhile with a bishop and with a sergeant of police, whose passion for the dance embraces ballet, folk-dancing and the Suburban Palais. The beginnings of sub-plots are introduced and dropped again, until obviously it is time for something else to happen, and the piano is stolen. This allows its owners to visit a Fashion Show and a Flying Saucer—the one an excursion into what Mr. Isherwood might call High Camp, the other quite definitely Low Comedy—before finding the piano again just in time for a final curtain.

The production of *Salad Days* is by Denis Carey, the sets by Patrick Robertson. Dorothy Reynolds, who is also a member of the cast, co-operated on the book and lyrics with Mr. Slade, who is himself to be descried at a piano in the orchestra-pit.

8. Divagation. Let's back-track to a flash-back and introduce Nigel (Michael Meacham). The piano introduces Nigel to the young lady of his choice and teaches him to sing, too.

9. *Hurry up, please; it's time!*—Time, even when the piano is found, to hand it over to another pair of lovers. And it will be found, of course—musical comedies are not sad. The piano and Troppo go off with Nigel and his young lady, and Timothy and Jane, having dipped their toes in the world and found it not too cold, are left to go to it together.

Strictly Biographical: 16.

By Louis T. Stanley

The Right Hon. the Viscount Samuel, P.C.

I FIND it difficult to realise that Lord Samuel's span of life reaches back into a period that is now a bygone page in history. His childhood was spent in a London that knew no motor-cars or motor-buses, taxis or tube railways; there were no bicycles, except the high "penny-farthings," no electric light or telephones, no cinemas or broadcasts. Instead, there was the continuous dull roar of horse-drawn traffic. His own memoir descriptions are graphic . . . how in the afternoon he used to go shopping with his mother in a brougham, or in summer for a drive in Hyde Park in an open barouche, with its roomy, shallow body, and lofty box for the coachman and footman . . . how occasionally a couple of mounted policemen would appear, trotting down the middle of the road, waving to the coachmen to draw to the sides. Then, in an open pair-horse carriage, Queen Victoria would drive by, at her side the Princess of Wales, and perhaps two or three grandchildren opposite. On the rumble at the back of the carriage would be two attendants in Highland dress, their arms folded. All the people in the lined-up carriages would stand, the ladies drop curtsies, and the few gentlemen raise their tall top-hats, as the Queen and Princess passed through, bowing to each side.

Such are the earliest recollections of the statesman who has brought to the service of his country an intellect of rare distinction. Since he entered Parliament in 1902, Lord Samuel's political life has indeed been rich. He has served in three Cabinets; as leader of the Liberal Party, he formed, with Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin, the three-party National Government; occupied the post of Home Secretary with marked ability; played a prominent part in the ending of the General Strike; and can claim among his chiefs and colleagues such men as Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Lloyd George, Grey and Churchill. But a statesman's place in history ultimately depends upon the fate of the policies and institutions with which he has been identified. If I were asked to select the most important of the many constructive achievements in Lord Samuel's long and varied career, I would name the part he played in a movement of historic importance. As a Jew he was profoundly concerned for his people, and he was one of the first to win the attention of the Cabinet for the policy of establishing a Jewish National Home in Palestine. In 1920, after the Mandate had been conferred on Great Britain, he was called to be the first High Commissioner for Palestine and Trans-Jordan.

Lord Samuel is that rare type of statesman . . . a politician doubled with a philosopher. It has been a toss-up whether he devoted himself to a life of thought or politics. The life of thought has never lost attraction or importance for him, and there have been moments in his career when it was apparently with relief that he felt again beneath him the firm ground of abstraction. His speculative interests are keenest at those points where philosophy influences men's beliefs most directly. Thirty years ago he was host at Government House in Jerusalem to Einstein. One day he walked along the ridge of the Mount of Olives. During the conversation Einstein said that he thought the present troubles of the world had come through science having advanced faster than morals; that only when morals caught up with science would the troubles be ended. To-day the state of human affairs emphasises this need for philosophy, science and religion to draw closer together, a theme that fills Lord Samuel's mind.

He is essentially a man of action, yet his intellectual integrity at times has prevented him from touching some of those levers which circumstances may compel a man of action to pull. He could not make an unfair appeal. The change from the Asquith to the Lloyd George *régime* was a change to an appeal to the sub-conscious and usually the baser side of it, both in the public and in those actively concerned in carrying on the war administratively. Lord Samuel knew all about such appeals, but he could not bring himself to make them. He was out of touch with what is instinctive and emotional in human nature, which is so much to the fore at such times. When the split in the Coalition came, he went out with Asquith and was outside the Government for fifteen years. It is interesting to recall the vicissitudes of the National Government Cabinet and the reasons for the withdrawal of the Liberal leader and his colleagues. But according to Lord Samuel, the greatest crisis in which he was ever concerned was in 1914, in the days that preceded the outbreak of the First World War. He had then been a member of the Cabinet for five years. As to the right course to take in that critical moment, they were at first divided in their views. For Lord Samuel's part, he was quite clear on one point, which seemed to him to govern the whole situation. It was that nations have the duty to honour their treaty obligations. Unless that rule was regarded as absolute, the world would become an anarchy, the scene of continually recurring conflicts. That was a point which seemed to him quite obvious.

All of us possess memories which, at the touch of some association of ideas, leap up vividly from the past with every detail as of shape and light and sound. I recall a day some years ago when Lord Samuel lunched with me in Oxford. His talk had the obvious merits of order, brevity, clearness and good manners. It almost automatically excluded trivial egotism, and exterminated mis-related ingenuities. To brush aside what was insignificant and only attend to the residue, was an instinct in him. He praised, I remember, Mr. Gladstone, and admiration in that direction might have been anticipated. He recalled something of the sense of national loss when it was heard that he was dead, and described the scene in the Abbey when he saw the old statesman lowered into the grave in the presence of the leaders of the nation, and the moment after the ceremony when the Prince of Wales, who had been the chief of the pall-bearers, stooped to kiss the hand of the little bent figure of Mr. Gladstone's wife, who was shrouded in black from head to foot.

He commented on Mr. Gladstone's untiring attention to detail, even in extreme old age. When he stood for Parliament at the election of 1895, Mr. Gladstone had sent him a personal letter of support. Two years later Lord Samuel ventured to ask him for a similar letter on behalf of the Liberal candidate at an important by-election then taking place. He received a reply, on one of the familiar postcards. Although his eyesight was failing, the eighty-seven-year-old statesman had taken the trouble to write with his own hand to this young supporter with whom he was hardly acquainted. The actual card read:

My Dear Sir,
Notwithstanding the numerous attractions of the request that you are good enough to make, there is one preliminary objection of a conclusive nature, namely, that the duty proposed is one for the actual leaders of Parties and not for a wholly retired politician. My wishes, however, are all with you.

Yours very faithful (*sic.*),
W. E. Gladstone,
Jan. 26, '97.

To-day, when Liberalism is wandering in a mist, its future problematic, its virtues almost completely overlooked, Lord Samuel stands as the embodiment of its former greatness in the somewhat detached atmosphere of the House of Lords. Whether or not he thinks of himself as a great man, I can never discover. He probably would say that the term is an exceedingly vague one, and he would certainly not trust the reports of introspection on such a point. Certainly, few men have been able to gather as fine a vintage from life's vineyard.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Our Bookshelf

BELLA NORTH. By Diana Marr-Johnson. *(Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE STRANGER AT MY SIDE. By Gwyn Thomas. *(Victor Gollancz Ltd. ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE HERO OF SAINT ROGER. By Jerrard Tickell. *(Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.)*

AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY. By Charles Terrot. *(Collins ; 10s. 6d.)*

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

THE novels we choose for review are apt of their own volition to fall into categories—not-on-your-life, well-perhaps, and yes-indeed-if-we-have-space-enough. This time three fantasies have selected themselves, and one realistic chronicle, *Bella North*, which does, however, qualify for fantasy by a happy ending. . . . Extraordinary with what gloom we react to happy endings, scornfully dismissing them as "dope." Perhaps the snag lies in "ending"; we might accept them more graciously were we to remember that nothing is final even in a story, and that a few weeks or (not to be cynical) a few years after the final chapter, all that gold would perforce have turned to dead leaves.

Thus two-thirds of Mrs. Marr-Johnson's story are factual and at the same time enthralling; indubitably she knows her stuff and has not merely mugged it up. And we can rejoice that after all the vicissitudes of Bella's upbringing, first in a Home for Orphans and then a Remand Home, she should at last have come into her own : her own home, her own husband, probably her own children ; we can be sure that none of them would oust her dear adopted Charles. For this difficult foundling had a passion for babies ; even though her lust to possess a baby involved a life of self-denial and slogging hard work. *Bella North* is a very moving, very human story ; and the subsidiary characters, as well as the heroine, are brought to life by a hundred touches of shrewd and humorous observation ; such as when the solid nursemaid, Gladys, who looked after Charles while Bella worked, always gave the day's sequence of events in the plural :

> *"We slept lovely all morning, then we 'ad our bottle. We did all we should and then went out in our pram. . . . We cried a bit later but don't know why we should—we weren't wet or nothing. We 'ad no trouble else."*

WE are justified in calling *The Stranger at My Side* a fantasy, because never more than one man in a village could possibly give voice in just this glorious, intoxicating fashion, but here they all do . . . in the voice of Mr. Gwyn Thomas, that laughing virtuoso of language. His fourth book, set in the mountainous Welsh mining district, contains page after page poured forth from an inexhaustible fount, spontaneous as a bird's up-rush of song—

> *"Das Lied dass aus der Kehle dringt*
> *Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet!"*

Moreover, his racy idiom is coiled and twisted about with a quite amazing variety of comic-original metaphor, never laboured nor over-romanticised ; an abundant contradiction of our own national reputation for gruff and halting speech. Though one could not desire all novels to be written in this author's vernacular, one is not at all surprised at a Gwyn Thomas cult which has recently started up to join the Betjeman and the Damon Runyon cults.

IN *The Hero of Saint Roger*, by Jerrard Tickell, as in his earlier *Soldier from the Wars Returning* and *Appointment With Venus*, he testifies, perhaps subconsciously, to his strong belief in man's potentiality for behaving nobly under stress. He has, in fact, something of a Sidney Carton complex : take a rotter and a drunk and a coward, and show forth in the end his silent atonement by sacrifice, as in the nightmare death of Jacques de Robot, and you get a far, far better thrill than any to be had from a hero whose behaviour has been heroic all along.

The plot of this book, swift and exciting, would build into a first-class film, none the worse for being improbable enough to list under the heading of fantasy : it concerns rival islands in the Caribbean Sea, and a spectacular device faked by the authorities of Saint Roger to score off Saint Matador and make their island popular for tourists after a hurricane has devastated it. Film or no film, however, the author has given us flesh-and-blood characters ; and he has never written a finer chapter than where Father Pierre goes on his own initiative to burn down a hut with de Robot's unsavoury paintings on the walls, and the subsequent scene when the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Culture and Tourism gets together to condemn his bold act of arson ; the rascally night-club proprietor finds it intolerable that the destruction of such a commercial asset "*should be allowed to continue in a Christian community*" . . . Mr. Tickell's irony is none the less devastating for its subtle conveyance.

IT may seem a quaint conceit of Mr. Charles Terrot to take for the theme of his new book "*the influence of a pet alligator on the life of a young composer.*" Yet his statement on apparently good authority that there are more pet alligators to be found in the home than we in our alligatorless lives could ever have thought possible, carries conviction ; and by the time he blandly assures us that many Banks keep one of the species underground to guard their safe deposits, I found myself deciding I would not visit Barclay's vaults again in a hurry. Nor am I likely ever again to fall into the error of confusing a common North Basutoland crocodile (socially unacceptable !) with *Daisy's* highly intelligent breed of Mississippi alligators—"*affectionate to their masters and wonderful with kiddies.*"

Accidentally acquired by young Peter Weston, *Daisy* gradually worms a way into her owner's affections—(though "worms" may not be exactly the right word). The author rightly allows her to remain the Scarlett O'Hara of her species, without letting her irresistible appeal suddenly develop human speech and other of our tiresome attributes. And never do we doubt that Peter feels a real pang when he finally persuades himself that they must part. . . . *Daisy* having met her fate at an annual Rally of Alligator Fanciers at Monnerat Castle ; an elegant choice, for, according to Lord Ovington, the Reluctant Dragon was "*probably the most chivalrous alligator between here and Loch Ness.*"

Charles Terrot is far from exaggerating when he calls his book An Entertainment ; for *An Alligator Named Daisy* is exactly what light entertainment should be and so rarely is. And we need not really bother our heads about the symbolism of *Daisy* representing Peter's submerged "forget-it-on-purpose !"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

S for Stratagem

(Valuable stone found by the geologist in non-igneous rock)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

LOW NOTES ON A HIGH LEVEL.
By J. B. Priestley. *(Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.)*

THE NIGHTMARE.
By C. S. Forester. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

SMITH.
By Kate Christie. *(Collins ; 10s. 6d.)*

DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA.
By Giovanni Guareschi. *(Victor Gollancz, Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.)*

EVADER.
By T. D. G. Teare. *(Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.)*

PRINCE RUPERT'S DAUGHTER.
By Elizabeth D'Oyley. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

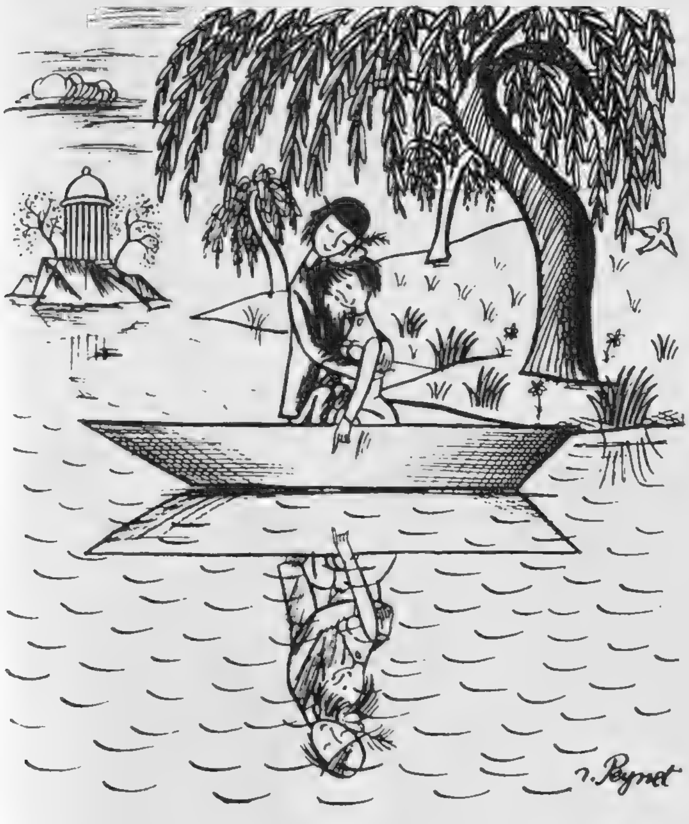
PLAYTIME AT ROYAL LODGE.
By Lisa Sheridan. *(John Murray ; 5s.)*

A PRIDE OF LIONS.
By John Brooks. *(Victor Gollancz, Ltd. ; 12s. 6d.)*

From "The Lovers' Pocket-Book"

"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me . . ."

"Oh, why did you do it when I loved you so?"



"Nobody can be as much in love as we are."
"That's what you think—look at those two!"

"Chocolates! Cigarettes! Anti-freeze!"

Kay Webb has edited and H. E. Bates has written an introduction for an entrancing little book of Raymond Peynet's cartoons, published by Perpetua Ltd. at 7s. 6d. Peynet is one of the most famous of French cartoonists. Paris loves him, and his work won the *Grand Prix* at an International Festival of Humour. His quaint young lovers (*Elle et Lui*, whose life-size models inhabit the front room of Peynet's flat) are quite enchanting, poets in love—Peynet's poets, anyway—being not as other men. They live in a world of lovers and parks and birds and blossoms. They play melodies on their heart-strings, turn four-posters into flower-beds, weep tears of crystal and, as behoves poets of all ages the world over, spend a great deal of the time in dreaming beautiful dreams with the Lights of their Lives. The light of Peynet's poet's life is "a candid little girl who has lost her virtue without quite understanding how." Now that we have come to know her a little better, we have lost our heart in the same way.

Our Social Diary

Ponies of Britain Club Show

DESPITE the mechanised age in which we live, there is no doubt that enthusiasm has never been so high in people of all ages for every kind of equestrian display—and certainly among children this is largely due to the growth and development of pony clubs all over the country.

One of these, the Ponies of Britain Club, held such a successful first show at Ascot last year that there were a hundred more entries for this year's show at Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury. The Bucks County Show which has been held there for many years, took place on the same day, and these two events naturally attracted a great many people.

The chief feature of the Ponies of Britain Club show were the classes for the Mountain and Moorland Ridden Ponies, for which the entry was just under sixty, and in which every breed was represented. Winning owners in these classes included Captain F. A. Howick, who won the "Banchory" Challenge Cup, presented by Lorna, Countess Howe, for the best Exmoor pony with his mare, *Alfold Linnet*; the "Bishopdown" Challenge Cup, given by Miss N. Jelley for the best New Forest pony, was won by Miss S. Brooks with her mare *Poppet*, and Mr. John Jenner won the "Lady Yule" Challenge Cup for the best Fell pony with his mare *Dalemain Columbine*. This cup was presented by Miss Gladys Yule, who is chairman of the Club committee and owns the famous Hanstead stud. Lord Kenyon, president of the Club, was not at the show but gave the "Gredington" Challenge Cup for the best Foundation Stock mare in the Welsh pony class. This was won by *Ceulan Silver Lustre*, owned by the Reeves Stud, in Buckinghamshire.

I enjoyed watching the judging of the Shetland ponies, particularly the class for mares, four of them with diminutive foals. This was won by *Merrylegs of Netherley*, a black mare bred and shown by Miss A. M. Ritchie, of Skene, in Aberdeenshire, whose stallion, *Golden Glory of Netherly*, won the "Harvey" Challenge Cup, given by Diana, Lady Balfour of Inchrye, for the best Shetland pony in the show.

I saw the Duchess of Rutland looking very pretty in a grey tailored suit; her seven-year-old daughter, Lady Charlotte Manners, was to ride her mother's mare *Ceulan Cora* in the class for leading-rein ponies later in the afternoon. I also saw Lord Willingdon, who told me that his wife had had the misfortune the previous week to break a bone in her foot whilst on holiday at Le Touquet. They were both vice-presidents of the Club, and it was particularly disappointing for Lady Willingdon that she could not be there that afternoon, as the foal, which she had bred from her mare *Grayling*, won the Reserve for the champion foal of the show.

The Dagenham Girl Pipers played during the afternoon and also led the parade of winners. I was sorry I could not wait to see this as I had to return to London for another engagement. I afterwards learnt that the Coronation Challenge Cup for all the Type Cup winners, presented by Mrs. Mark Ostrer, had been won by Miss M. Brodrick's brood mare *Coed Coch Siardus*, who also had the distinction of winning the Overseas Visitors Challenge Cup.

Film Première

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, accompanied by the Earl of Athlone, and with Mrs. James Mure in attendance, went to the première of the film *On The Waterfront*, at the Gaumont Theatre. The première had been organised by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the Dockland Settlements and the Variety Club Heart Fund for Underprivileged Children. Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox, founder of the Dockland Settlements, welcomed Her Royal Highness to the theatre, and presented Mary, Marchioness of Willingdon, and other representatives of the Settlements; Colonel James Carreras, president of the Variety Club, presented Mrs. Carreras and other members.

On The Waterfront is reviewed on page 32 in this issue, so I will simply say that I thought the superb acting by Marlon Brando and, indeed, the rest of the cast made it one of the most exciting films I have seen this year. Many well-known personalities from the stage and screen were at the film including Mr. Noël Coward, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wilcox and Mr. Richard Greene.

The St. Leger

VISITORS from overseas, and people from all parts of the country, flocked to Doncaster for the Yearling Sales, and for the St. Leger meeting, to see the last classic race of the season run.

YEARLING SALES AT DONCASTER. Many well-known people attended the Sales, at which prices reached a total of 25 per cent. more than last year. *Top left:* Mr. Robert Sterling Clark, the American owner of *Never Say Die*, winner of this year's Derby and the St. Leger. *Left:* Mr. Marcus Wickham-Boynton and the Earl of Rosebery. *Centre:* Lord Irwin (*left*), Mr. George Colling and Lady Irwin. *Right:* Sir Cecil King-Harman (*left*), who is Senior Steward of the Irish Turf Club, Mr. Allen Baker and Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager.

ANGLO-IRAQI SOCIETY DINNER. The President and Council of the Anglo-Iraqi Society held their annual dinner at Claridge's Hotel. *Left :* The Right Hon. Sir Walter Monckton, who was one of the speakers at the dinner, the Hon. Lady Monckton and the Viscount Bridgeman. *Right :* H.R.H. Prince Zeid ibn al-Hussein with Mr. Stewart Perowne.

I could only get away for the day of the St. Leger, the afternoon of which turned out to be sunny and warm—a pleasant alternative to the many we have endured of a very different kind during this never-to-be-forgotten summer! The Ladies' Stand at Doncaster is one of the most comfortable, and in the small enclosure in front it is easy to find one's friends. Early arrivals I saw included Lieut.-Colonel Desmond Brownlow, whose horse *Umberto* was running in the St. Leger, and Lord Savile with his mother, Lady Savile, and the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Stourton and Mr. Pat Butler, who were staying with them for the meeting. In the members' private dining-room the Dowager Viscountess Galway was lunching with the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough; Sir Thomas Pilkington had a party of young friends, including Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Mr. Ian Cameron and Lord Patrick Beresford. Viscountess Galway, looking very pretty in a black suit and a white beret, was in a party with her mother, Lady Stavordale, her brother, the Hon. Charles Fox-Strangways, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont.

The first race was easily won by *Burke the Issue*, owned by Lord Cadogan, and some amusement was caused during the running of the second race when the commentator confused the names and, obviously in a psychic mood, announced that *Never Say Die* was going extremely well! In the paddock before the big race, there was no doubt that the two most fancied horses, *By Thunder!* and *Never Say Die*, looked outstanding. I watched the race from the top of the stand, from which there is a wonderful view of the course and of the start, and where other spectators included the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, Mrs. Enid Cameron, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe with Sir George and Lady Earle, with whom they were staying. *Never Say Die* was perfectly ridden by Charlie Smirke and won by no fewer than twelve lengths from Sir Victor Sassoon's *Elopement* and *Estremadur*, owned by M. Marcel Boussac. *By Thunder!* was fourth.

It must have been a very exciting day for Mr. Robert Sterling Clark, the American owner of *Never Say Die*, who was not here to see his colt's victory in the Derby. It was also a triumph for Mr. J. Lawson, the trainer, who completed a winning double for Mr. Clark when his horse *Tip The Bottle* won the next race. Other people I saw racing on this very enjoyable day were the Earl of Carnarvon with his son Lord Porchester, Lady Grimthorpe, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, who were married this summer, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, who were staying with Mr. Richard Houghton, and Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley.

ABOYNE GAMES. Rain seriously interrupted the Games, an account of which appears on this page. *Left :* The Countess of Erroll, who is the twenty-seventh Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, being piped on to the field, with her young son Lord Hay, and her husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, immediately behind. *Right :* The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly. The Marquess is Chief of the Games.

Aboyne Games

THE Aboyne Games committee certainly deserved full marks for staging their seventy-sixth annual Gathering on the Green of Charlestown with the maximum of efficiency and pageantry, regardless of what must surely have been the wettest day on Royal Deeside for many a Games day. The spectators, like the athletes, showed a stoic indifference to the elements, although the sun did shine, and brightly, too, for the first hour or so. This fortunately coincided with the arrivals of the Chief—the Marquess of Huntly—and the Countess of Erroll, Scotland's Lord High Constable, which were achieved with full dramatic effect with the blowing of bugles and the skirling of the pipes. The Marquess of Aberdeen was also piped on to the field before the rain started, and later joined the luncheon party given by the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly in their pavilion.

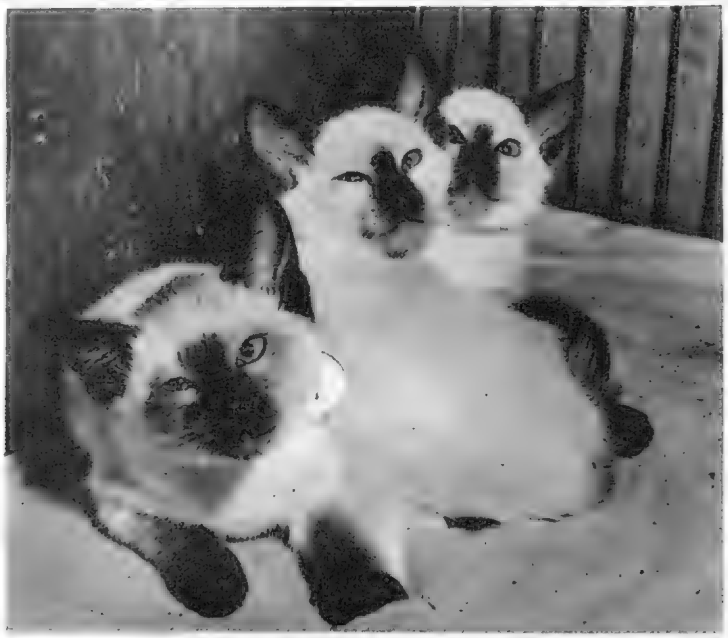
Few enjoyed the day more than the young Earl of Aboyne and his sister, Lady Lemina Gordon, who watched the events with six-year-old Lord Hay, the Countess of Erroll's small son. His father, Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, and Lord Glentanar both sported Inverness capes, which were just the thing for such a day. Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey of Dinnet was busy officiating in the arena, and others at the Games included Mrs. Thornton Kemsley with her husband, who is M.P. for North Angus and Mearns, Lord Douglas Gordon, the Hon. Edmund Roche with his sister Mary, and Lady Burnett of Leys, who came over from Crathes Castle with her daughter, Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort.

Helena

HERE AND THERE

THE MINACK THEATRE AT PORTHCURNO.

In 1932, Miss Cade, of Porthcurno, in Cornwall, began a theatrical adventure by which Greek plays were presented in an open-air amphitheatre, with rocks for scenery and the sea for a back-cloth. The venture prospered and continues. Our pictures are of this year's production of Euripides' *Iphigenia in Tauris* by the students of Penzance Grammar School, which spectators watched from terraced banks looking down to the stage. Above, backstage, Orestes (Douglas Williams—he will remove his spectacles for the performance in the cause of authenticity) and Pylades (Donald Johnson) help some of the Chorus to make up. At the right, Pallas Athene (Betty Weber) appears without the aid of a machine on a rock overlooking the sea.



CATS AT WESTMINSTER: The Hertfordshire and Middlesex Cat Club All Breed Championship Cat Show was held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on September 7th. There were 1,434 entries. This litter of kittens was entered by Miss B. Morsman, of Reading, but did not, alas! win a prize.

MALVERN: Photographed on the roof of the Festival Theatre, Malvern, during the British Drama League Theatre Week this month were Mr. Geoffrey Fisher (*left*), Mr. W. Bushill-Matthews, Professor T. H. Searls, Captain Roy Limbert, Mrs. Bushill-Matthews, Mr. Donald McLauchlan, Mr. Derek Salberg and Mr. Anthony John.

THE ROYAL HIGHLAND GAMES AT BRAEMAR.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Braemar Gathering on September 9th and were greeted by massed pipe bands. Many of the crowd of 20,000 people had waited for hours in the rain to see the Royal party from Balmoral, which included the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with Prince William and Prince Richard, and Prince Michael of Kent. *Left:* The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair welcomes her Majesty and the Duke on their arrival. *Centre:* Little Allison Grant, of Braemar, six years old, solemnly dances the sword dance in the pouring rain. *Right:* Gordon Yates and Andrew McIntosh also appear in the sword dance.

A RIGHT ROYAL GATHERING: GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

The liner *Agamemnon* has been making a twelve-day tour of the Mediterranean for the King and Queen of Greece and their guests. Our picture was taken early in this month while the liner was at anchor off Delphi. King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece are shown standing in the centre of the picture, the Queen in a white blouse, the King at her left. Also to be identified are Princess Irene of Holland (second from the left in the second row); Queen Juliana of Holland (second from the right in the third row); Prince Bernhard, who stands behind her; Prince George of Greece, seated next to her, holding the walking-stick; with the Princess, his wife, at his right hand; ex-King Michael of Rumania (standing at the extreme left) and his wife, ex-Queen Anne (in a white frock with a dark pattern, seated just below him); the Count and Countess of Barcelona (she is seated at ex-Queen Anne's left hand; he is beside her in a white shirt); the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg (next to him; she wears a pearl necklace); the Countess of Paris (in a white hat, seated at Queen Juliana's left); ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria (standing behind the Duchess of Luxemburg); Princess Margaretha of Sweden (standing behind the Countess of Paris); Princess Josephine Charlotte of Luxemburg (in a dark dress with a white belt; she stands in front of Princess Margaretha); Prince Axel of Denmark (in a white shirt; he stands in the back row, three places left of the guy-rope); Princess Elisabeth of Luxemburg (just to the right of the flag-staff; she wears a white blouse and a knotted neckerchief); Princess Astrid of Norway to her right, and Prince Wolf Heinrich of Hanover (second right from Princess Astrid). The Royal family of Italy had already left for Athens at the time this photograph was taken.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

A Dream of Fair Women

AM I to begin with Hedda, with Nannie, or with Carrie Pooter ? I can hardly imagine an odder competing trio than Ibsen's iceberg, the bromidic Nannie of the new farce, and the gentle chatelaine of "The Laurels," Holloway. Hedda must win. No-one can stop dear Mrs. Tesman when she gets going ; and, in any event, Peggy Ashcroft's performance at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is one of the best things of the year.

The last phrase is becoming common form with Miss Ashcroft. A good method of casting in these days is to think of the most unlikely part imaginable, to lure Miss Ashcroft into it, and then to wait for the inevitable success. Last time it was Cleopatra, serpent of old Nile. Now it is Hedda, something of a Scandinavian serpent, and ice-cold. Certainly, when she appears in her new house, snowflakes seem to drift across the rooms. Ice forms on her voice when she speaks. She is scornful, frigid ; hot ice and wondrous strange snow. General Gabler's daughter was the last possible wife for George Tesman. She has evil work to do, and she does it, this breathing marble that looks no longer with Peggy Ashcroft's sympathetic eye or speaks with her voice. She is Ibsen's Hedda to the life—and death.

Here, also, are her companions: Michael MacLiammoir, with a nice period patina upon his Brack, even though the otherwise alert translation of Max Faber makes him say, "*I do trust that a gay time will be had by all*"; Alan Badel as an urgent Lovborg (David Markham is taking over the part now that Mr. Badel has to go into a film) ; and George Devine as that amiable ass, George, whose book on—is it ?—Flemish industry in the Middle Ages should be a world's worst-seller. (But did he really bumble so much ?) We do not forget Rachel Kempson, one of the few actresses to have made a personage of Thea whose hair has always profoundly irritated Hedda. Reports of their schooldays make me feel that Ronald Searle would be the artist to illustrate Hedda's early life.

Her attempt to shape a human destiny remains finely exciting in the theatre. Peggy Ashcroft scorns by now to be cast to type—a phrase that she must have forgotten long ago. She has subtly charted Hedda's complexities, her course among the splintering ice, and that moment when the snow-maiden becomes First Witch and Lovborg's precious manuscript is thrust to the flames.

FROM that glacial home in Christiania (with the loose covers off the chairs) we reach "The Laurels" in Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, where there is trouble with the scraper, and where Cummings is always Gowing, and Gowing is always coming. That is one of those rich little jests in which Charles Pooter specialises. He has never worn vine-leaves in his hair, but heavens ! how he can pun ! Sometimes Carrie Pooter enjoys his puns. If not, she usually keeps it to herself. She is a gentle soul ; and Dulcie Gray has a watchful eye on her through the Arts Theatre presentation of *The Diary of a Nobody*.

Basil Dean and Richard Blake have made a good job of their version of the Grossmiths' book. They call it "*Six Chapters for the Stage*," and that is what it is : the plot may be a mere thread, but it is an excuse to display the Pooters in all their glory—to hang them on the line, as it were—and we would not miss the sight. Addicts of the book may be happier than those who come to the Arts without previous knowledge of "The Laurels," and it is true that the piece does sag in the final scenes when too much is reported, too little directly experienced.

Even so, one forgets this willingly for the sake of the first half of the evening, and that miraculous summoning of the Pooters' party : the engagement party for Lupin and Daisy Mutlar (whom he does not marry). Mr. Dean is a producer in love with detail ; this party is a small masterpiece. Here are songs for Daisy and "Lillie Girl" (not the Lillie of the book) ; Burwin-Fosselton's Irving imitations—Alan MacNaughtan must have studied the subject long and hard—and even the famous game of "Cutlets," which is just the kind of thing that the coarse fellow, Gowing, would think about.

There are other pleasures in the night ; but the chief pleasure is the way in which the atmosphere of the Diary is created. Pooter was the best kind of diarist. He did not write himself up. He put down very simply just what happened to him—usually something alarming—and Mr. Dean and Mr. Blake have put down simply what happened to Pooter. I don't know if City clerks did live like that at Holloway during the year 1888 ; but I hope that they did. I am prepared to believe in Pooter (George Benson, with his soft brown beard, is a pompous pet), in Carrie, in Cummings and Gowing (Brian Wilde and Willoughby Goddard), in Rose Hill's Daisy, in Leslie Phillips' man-about-Holloway, Lupin, and in all the gay souls of that lost golden age under the stag's head in Brickfield Terrace, N.

SO to Nannie Cartwright. *All For Mary* (Duke of York's) is the kind of farce that depends on a single character. If the character is funny, thumbs up ; if it is not, then doom clouds all. Harold Brooke and Kay Bannerman, the dramatists, get through safely while Kathleen Harrison is about ; and she is about quite a lot. Nannie's task is not easy. Called in to nurse two patients in a winter sports hotel in the French Alps, she has assumed that they are small boys, and she duly arrives laden with teddy-bears. But they are a pair of hearty men (picture Michael Shepley and David Tomlinson, and you know what I mean). Moreover, they are the husband and ex-husband of the same wife, which makes their position even more intolerable. Nannie does not bother about ages or ranks. She weighs in cheerfully, treating the pair as though they were in the nursery ; the whole night rests upon her command of the obscure nursery lingo, and also upon her command of the nursery tricks that, through generations, have never failed.

The rest of the farce is an insecure scaffolding for Nannie. But who cares ? Miss Harrison, benevolent dictator, is in devastating form, and your journey to the Duke of York's will be worth-while for the sake of hearing her observe "*What a naughty carry-on !*" and "*Quick 's the word and sharp's the action !*"

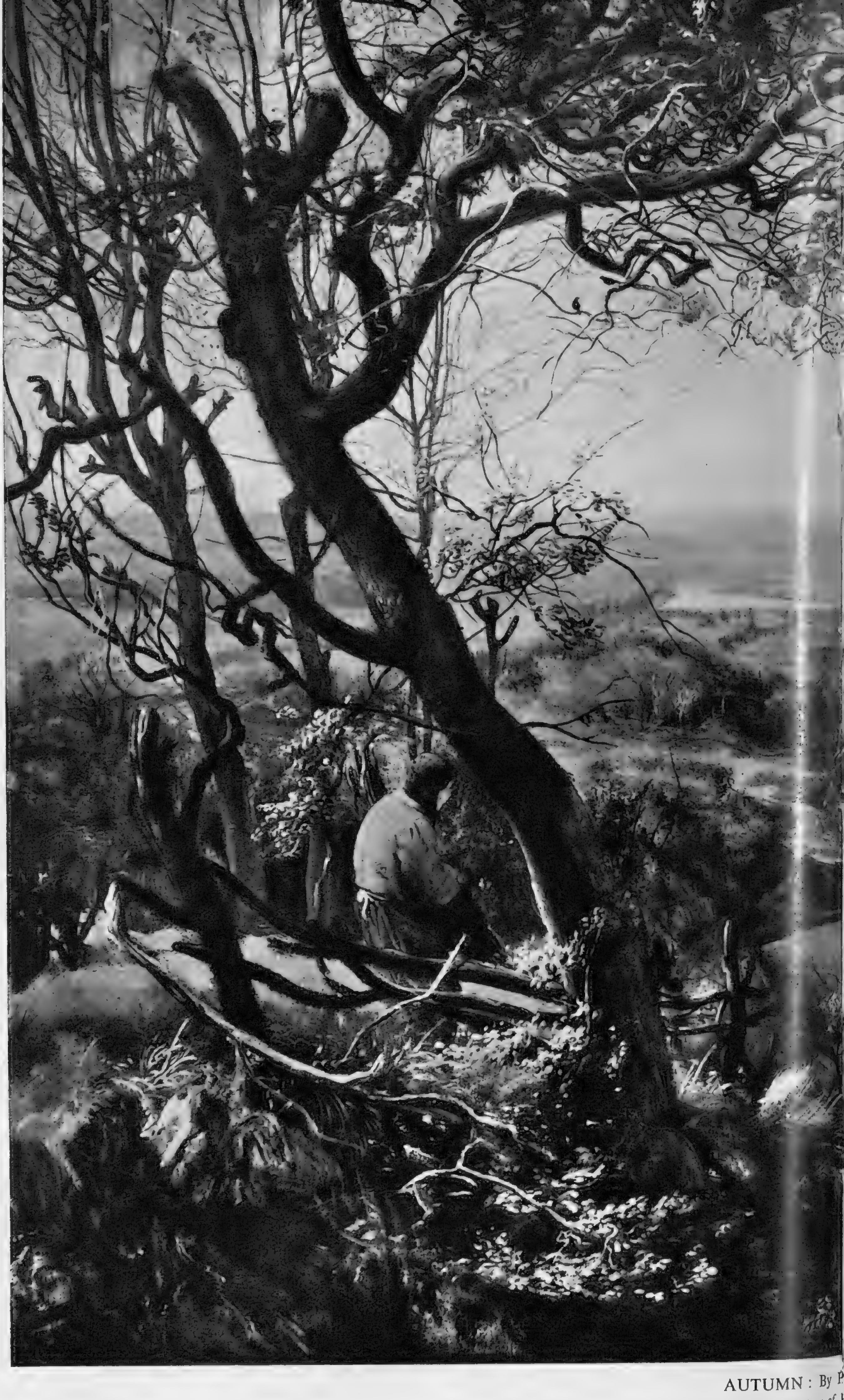
CERTAINLY no one will argue about *Dry Rot* (Whitehall), a hustle-and-bustle affair that the audience around me regarded as very funny. I sat with what I believe is called a ghastly smile. My ribs were never endangered, though various people—John Slater, for one—at the bidding of the author, John Chapman (himself in the cast), leapt about manfully. This is a brand of farce that needs the Travers touch. It is about sliding panels and "switched" racehorses ; and its happiest moment is an entirely irrelevant passage for Cicely Paget-Bowman as she considers a quite imaginary piano.

ANNA RUSSELL SINGS : She is a choir-boy, an enormous Wagnerian in plaits and a helmet, a blues singer, a *fa-la-la* folk singer. She has filled Carnegie Hall and toured all over the U.S.A. and Canada, winning critical bouquets from papers as diverse as *Vogue* and the *Chicago Tribune*. She will be seen for two weeks at the New Watergate Theatre Club ; her season there began last night (September 21st). She is very funny.

" RUS IN URBE "
or
" The Countryman's Revenge "

(Dedicated to the Society for the Preservation of Rural England.)

Drawn by Hailstone.



AUTUMN: By P
(Reproduced by courtesy of

Pietro Annigoni.
(Willoughby Norman, Esq.)

Photo.: A. C. Cooper.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Big City

I felt very low.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Every year Charles takes a peculiar holiday on a barge. He goes with the Admiral who, having steered many a ship through the Panama Canal, takes the waterways of England calmly. I go along too, to do the cooking, but this year, when they decided to go on a yacht instead of a barge, I rebelled.

"No, Charles," I said firmly, "not me. Not this year."

"But Henrietta, it 's a wonderful holiday!"

"If you call a hard, damp bunk, tinned milk and cooking in a crouching position a wonderful holiday, I don't."

"A yacht will be better."

"You know perfectly well a yacht will be worse. Last time I went on a yacht I was hit on the head by the boom."

"It was your own fault—you 're so absent-minded."

"That 's just what I mean. I 'm not the right person for that sort of holiday."

"I can't understand you, Henrietta," said Charles, looking at me in a defeated sort of way. "You 've always enjoyed these trips before."

"I 've always hated them."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I did."

When Charles and the Admiral realised that nothing short of press-gang methods would get me aboard, they accepted the situation bravely and began asking questions about cooking. As our holiday drew near, Charles and I became very depressed, entertaining grave fears for our own and each other's safety.

"I can't think why you want to go to London," said Charles, who would sooner go to gaol.

"It will broaden my mind."

"What for?" said Charles. I really didn't know the answer to this, so I pretended to be asleep.

"Henrietta."

"Yes, Charles?"

"How did you say you made omelettes?"

"You beat the eggs up with some parsley——"

"There won't be any parsley. The Admiral says he can cook sausages."

"You mustn't eat sausages on a yacht—they 'll go bad and you 'll get ptomaine poisoning. Promise me you won't eat sausages."

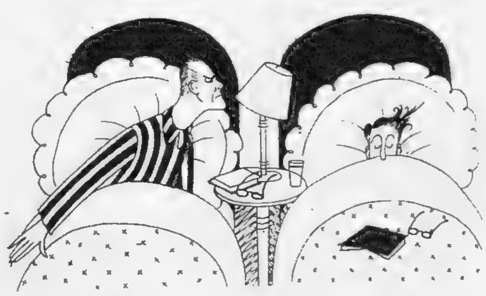
Charles promised, but we both slept badly.

Next day, when we said good-bye I felt I was sending him to his doom. "If I 've sometimes been cross, Charles, I 'm sorry," I said in a choking voice.

"That 's all right, Old Girl—I understand." Charles turned abruptly away and strode out of the station. Then he strode back again and said, "Be careful how you cross the roads."

I felt very low. I had forgotten to book myself a seat on the train and I had left my sandwiches on the kitchen table. But the curious thing was that as soon as the train drew out of the station I began to enjoy myself.

"NOW you must forget all about that funny little place you live in," said Miranda, my Old School Chum, as she poured me a welcome cup of tea.



"How did you say you made omelettes?"

"You 're in London now, Henrietta. When you go out to-morrow nobody will know you are Henrietta Browne—nobody will say good-morning to you or make remarks about the weather. Your prison gates are open, Henrietta—your mind can expand like a flower opening to the benison of the sun."

"How nice."

"That dreadful provincial life—that narrow, stultifying existence you lead in that terrible little seaside town is behind you for a whole week."

Miranda seemed to have forgotten how only a fortnight ago, when she was staying with us, she had kept on telling me how lucky I was to have my home in the little seaside town and wanting to live there herself. I was rather nettled by these disparaging remarks. We country people don't mind running down the places we live in ourselves, but we resent it from townsfolk. "The seagulls sent you their love," I said, hoping to remind her of her visit.

"Did they?" said Miranda without warmth. There was a thud from the flat above and she seized my arm. "Did you hear that?" she said wildly.

"That thump?"

"It 's Galloping Gertie—she 's just getting up. She sleeps all day and gets up about tea-time and bumps and thumps overhead all night."

"How terrible! Why does she do it?"

"My dear, how should I know?"

"What 's her real name?"

"Patterson—Miss G. Patterson. I know that because she gets a great many parcels from Harrods and expects me to take them in for her."

"Don't you ever talk to her?"

"This is London, Henrietta. London people don't gossip to their neighbours. There! Thump, thump, thump! She might at least wear bedroom slippers instead of shooting-boots. Colonel Bickersniff, who has the flat above, complained in writing."

"Is Colonel Bickersniff nice?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. This is London, Henrietta, I keep telling you. I feel sorry for the young couple who have the flat directly below—they 've got a baby."

"Is it a nice one?"

"Ask me another. It 's got a nice pram, I know, because I see it in the garden. *And* the gin bottles," she added darkly. A door slammed and Miranda looked at her watch. "Colonel Bickersniff 's late," she said, "but he often is on Fridays."

There was a crash overhead which sounded as though Galloping Gertie had dropped her washing-up bowl full of silver on the floor. When I suggested we should go up then and there and complain, Miranda laughed and said anybody could tell I was from the country.

MIRANDA and I had a high old time in London. The week passed in a flash and I hardly gave a thought to Charles and the Admiral and their ptomaine poisoning. When I got home Charles had just arrived. He was horribly dirty but looked extremely well and had somehow managed to get himself sunburnt, which was quite an achievement, as it seems they were rained-on every day. He said they had

"Did you hear that?"

had a wonderful time and the food had been superb. Yes, he had made an omelette and in spite of its getting mixed up with the plum-pudding they 'd fried the day before, he and the Admiral agreed it was the best they 'd ever had.

So you see, Robert, nobody is indispensable.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

MODELS IN MUFTI: I

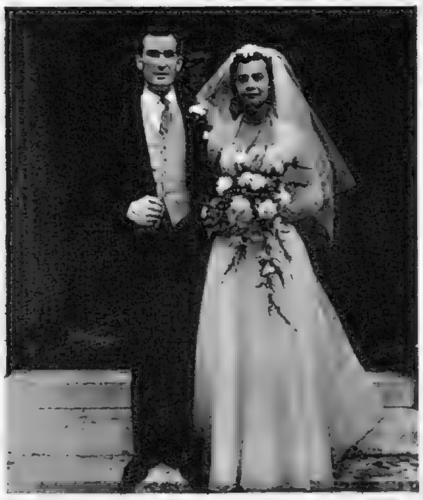
MISS BARBARA GOALEN. Beautiful, vivacious Barbara Goalen is easily the best-known of all Britain's lovely fashion models. She is pictured here with her son, Rupert, in the spacious and delightfully-decorated flat in Eaton Square, where she lives with her husband, Lloyds Underwriter Mr. Nigel Campbell. Rupert and his sister, Sarah, are children of her first husband, who was killed in a flying accident in 1947. They are both away at school, Sarah at Fritham and Rupert at Hawtreys'. After years of being constantly in the public eye, Miss Goalen enjoys the privacy of life as Mrs. Nigel Campbell: she is doing less and less modelling, more and more entertaining of friends in her home. "What is your favourite relaxation?" we asked her. Her reply was prompt and definite: "*Relaxing!*"

"The Sketch"

COOMBE TENNANT—LUTTMAN-JOHNSON : Passers-by gathered to watch the bridal couple leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, on September 10th, when Miss Jennifer Luttman-Johnson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luttman-Johnson, of Croughland, Kirdford, Billingshurst, Sussex, was married to Mr. Alexander Coombe Tennant, son of Mrs. W. Coombe Tennant, of 18, Cottesmore Gardens, W.8. The bride was attended by Miss Josephine Luttman-Johnson, and two child bridesmaids, Clare Horne and Jane Cran.

MARSHALL—HAMILTON-JONES : After their wedding at St. Leonard's, Streatham, on September 4th : Mr. James Marshall, of Waltham Abbey, and his bride, Miss Thelma Hamilton-Jones, of Nunehams, Garrads Road, Streatham.

SPICER—FENWICK : Lovely bride from Kenya was Miss June Fenwick, only daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Fenwick and of Mrs. Fenwick, of Kiambu, here seen leaving the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court after her wedding, on September 10th, to Mr. Paul Spicer.



PEAT—ALLEN : Pictured after their wedding at Leatherhead Parish Church, on September 4th, are Miss Jane Allen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Allen, of Larchwood, Leatherhead, and Mr. David Peat, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Peat, of Wycliffe Hall, Barnard Castle.

PORTER—ROLLINS : Boarding the launch on which their wedding reception was held, are lovely Burmese bride, Miss Lysbeth Rollins, and her bridegroom, Mr. David Porter, son of a building contractor, after their wedding at All Saints Church, Kingston-on-Thames.

ANDREW—LANCASTER : Lucky omen for this pretty bride after her wedding at Christ Church, Chadderton, on September 4th, was when the traditional chimney sweep—this time, Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Cross Bank Street, Oldham—wished her good luck. The bride, was Miss Joyce Lancaster, of Nibble Nook, Chadderton, and the bridegroom Mr. Keith Andrew, wicket-keeper for Northants, who was recently chosen to tour with the M.C.C.

TRAIN—ADAM : Popular radio personality Jack Train photographed with his charming bride, Mrs. Fay Adam, after their marriage at Henley-on-Thames Register Office on September 7th.

Wedding Album

LOWTHER—LOWTHER : At Caxton Hall, on September 9th, James Henry Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, married his cousin, the Hon. Jennifer Lowther, daughter of Viscount Ullswater. The couple will live in Cumberland.

CAMERON—EVANS : Miss Mary Evans was obviously a happy bride after her wedding to Major Robert Cameron, R.E.M.E., of Ayrshire, at the Parish Church of Pinner, Middlesex, on September 7th, as she and her husband received congratulations from Pipe Major Robert Hill, who had just piped them from the church. Miss Evans met Major Cameron when she was a B.O.A.C. stewardess on the *Comet* run to Karachi, where he is a liaison officer with the Pakistani Army. The couple plan to make their home in Karachi.

WESLEY-SMITH—REMNANT : Guarding her train from the muddy path is Miss Merrial Remnant, daughter of the Hon. Peter Remnant, M.P. for Wokingham, who was married on September 11th to Mr. James Wesley-Smith, in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons.

BERGER—DENHAM : South African bride at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on September 4th, was débutante Miss Grace Denham, daughter of Mrs. Ivan Easton, of Johannesburg, who married Mr. Michael Berger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Berger, of Portland Place, W.1.

THOMAS — BREWELL : Donald Davis, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Thomas, of Tenally, New Jersey, and Miss Pamela Brewell, of Onslow House, Cheam, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Sutton, Surrey, on September 7th.

DOTTS—DUNNCANSON : Pictured after their wedding at Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, on September 10th, are Miss Joyce Dunncanson, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and her company secretary husband.

VAN DEN ELST — HART : Happy ending to a romance that started early this year at Croydon Airport, was the wedding at Christ Church, New Malden, on September 11th, of Mr. Gerrit van den Elst, a Dutch pilot, who met his bride, airport receptionist Miss Jill Hart, at Croydon. After the ceremony, the couple travelled to Nairobi, where Mr. van den Elst was taking up a new post with East African Airways.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE SCREEN—

The Marriage. Susan Shentall as Juliet, and Laurence Harvey as Romeo.

The Death of Mercutio. Aldo Zollo as Mercutio and Enzo Fiermonte as Tybalt.

Romeo and Juliet

There has been some critical discussion of director Renato Castellani's film version of *Romeo and Juliet*, which opens at the Odeon, Leicester Square, to-morrow (September 23rd). The film, though it runs for two hours and eighteen minutes without intervals, is a drastically cut version of Shakespeare's play, and has been adapted to give scope to the "realist" technique, for which the Italians have become noted. In this process, much of the poetry has been lost, but the care with which the director has handled the landscape and buildings of Verona itself—for the film has been shot in Italy—has been said to compensate for much of the loss, sufficiently at least for the film to have been awarded First Prize at the Venice Film Festival.

The film introduces Susan Shentall as Juliet; Miss Shentall was married this May, and has left the screen. Its Dialogue Director was Dallas Bower, and a synopsis of the plot has been made, for those who need it, by Mr. Alan Dent.

The Nurse : Flora Robson.

Friar Laurence : Mervyn Johns.

Romeo mourns over Juliet in the crypt.

—AND AT THE OLD VIC

Ann Todd as Lady Macbeth and Paul Rogers as Macbeth.

Macbeth

The Old Vic's Macbeth has transferred from Edinburgh to the Waterloo Road. Bloody, bold, and resolutely Scottish, Mr. Michael Benthall's production has been much praised. Paul Rogers in particular, as Macbeth, gives a performance, strong, savage, and entirely compelling, while John Neville succeeds in making Macduff both credible and moving. Our photographs are by Houston Rogers.

All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little hand.

She should have died hereafter.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Bumbledom Debunked

BEING a staunch individualist, I have an absolute horror of committees, boards and other corporate bodies of presumably well-meaning men and women who solemnly sit in conclave to decide what is best for everybody else. So the news that the Nuffield Foundation have begun a two-year investigation into the effects of television upon children and young people is about as welcome to me as a sour apple. I still believe, and always will, that the upbringing of children—the decision of what is good and bad for them—is a matter for parents rather than the numerous "Theys" who nowadays almost prohibit people from thinking and acting for themselves.

It would be grossly unfair to predict the Nuffield Foundation's verdict, but I'm willing to bet that it won't approximate to mine. I say: "Don't lump 'children and young people' together in a mass and treat them like the ingredients of a Christmas pudding. The effect of television on the young has to be judged by its effect on the individual child, and controlled by the individual parents. If Johnny's general knowledge is improved by television, then encourage him to view. If Eustace neglects his homework or little Eva wakes up tired in the morning because she insists on watching the latest horror serial, then parents should forbid it until the children mend their ways. Yes, *forbid*—and, if necessary, a sharp slap on the bottom to ensure obedience."

But there is worse to come. For the same B.B.C. circular which told me about the Nuffield Foundation's probe, also said: "Concurrently, the Corporation's Audience Research Department is to study the effects of television upon adults"—brrrh! Let just one investigator call at my door and he will be conked over the head with the largest cathode-ray tube I can find! What in heaven's name does it matter whether viewers stay at home more, drink less beer, read fewer trashy novels and less frequently visit the local cinema to imbibe the new-world philosophy of Hollywood? Again, I think this is a matter for individual decision. If someone has the leisure and inclination—and is sufficiently prepared to be bored—to watch television every night of the week, what right has the B.B.C. to poke a sniffing nose into his foibles?

I have no wish to be unkind to Robert Silvey and his private empire of the Audience Research Department. He is a very charming and extremely hard-working man, who once said to me: "I don't try to provide the tail that wags the dog." But his approach is scientific and impersonal—and television is such a personal medium. So, week by week, his grim table of figures—telling what percentage of viewers have seen every single programme (even the weather forecast) and percentaging the "appreciation" of those viewers—arrives, in confidential form, on the desks of television senior staff.

"NEVER FELT BETTER, HOW'S YOURSELF?"

Once I was told—I think it was by Cecil McGivern (Controller of Television Programmes)—"Of course, we only take Silvey's figures as a check. A check to see whether we, ourselves, were right in thinking a programme was good or bad."

But—as the dripping tap will wear a hole in the toughest stone—Mr. Silvey's figures are extracting their toll, and seem to be working up a panic among those whose task it is to provide the most potent form of entertainment and information of our time. If you spend as much time as I do in the canteen, corridors and offices of Television Centre, you cannot help but catch the echo of whispers saying: "Have you seen the viewing figures of so-and-so? Isn't it amazing?"

This panic is heightened by the imminent threat of commercial television. From high to low the fear is that the Independent Television Authority (hereinafter to be referred to, on this page, as the I.T.A.) will skim the cream of television popularity. Appreciation Figures have now taken on a real, menacing aspect. In fact, Mr. Silvey's tail is no longer a check; it really has begun to wag the dog.

"Popularity, popularity. How can we do something to please everybody?" That is the simplified cry of B.B.C. television. No longer do the brilliant brains—and there are some—say "Let's do this and to hell with the lowbrows." No longer do the vulgarians—and there are plenty of them—say, "Let's do this and to hell with the highbrows." In terms of black and white the effect is of an eternal grey—and that is very boring. Sufficiently boring for me to ride my own private hobby-horse, for three issues in a row, without reviewing a single programme that I have watched. What is the use of reviewing something that is grey? I cannot rave and I cannot utterly condemn. Where are the crashing blacks of yesteryear, that dipped one's pen in vitriol? Where are the whites that made one write "superb, brilliant, exquisite," with such utter abandon (and subsequent gratification to the artists concerned)?

B.B.C. television seems to have come to the hideous *impasse*, which was so wonderfully epitomised by Gilbert in the lines he gave to Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard* (I hope to quote accurately):

If you wish to succeed,
As a jester, you'll need
To study each person's auricular.
For what's right for A is quite
wrong for B
And C is so very particular.
While D is so dull
And E's thick skull is as empty of
brains as a ladle.
But F is so sharp,
He replies with a carp,
That he's known your best jokes
from his cradle.

All right, it's difficult. But the Jack Points of the Middle Ages survived. I'm sure they didn't survive by catering exclusively to the D's and the E's. Those privileged gentry (in the welfare state) may be the most noisy and the most fervent letter-writers to the B.B.C. But I doubt whether they represent the average intelligence of Britain.

And as far as this column is concerned, the key will remain, firmly, in F Sharp!

Our Autumn Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

For Autumn and After

Tweed, still the beloved fabric of all the leading designers, is our favourite for a suit this Autumn, and the suit will be covered by a matching top-coat as the weather grows more wintry. Here is a classic suit, about 30 gns., in black-and-white tweed with a red fleck, showing the longer jacket line and a pleated skirt. The matching coat, also about 30 gns., red-lined, has an adaptable belt. Worn with a red felt pull-on hat, 1½ gns. All by Wetherall.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Around the Town

For days spent around the town, the trend is still an easy, impeccable simplicity. Every dress, slim and supple, has its short, bulky jacket—even a suit has its short top-coat—emphasizing a feeling of freedom and youth. Colours may be dark, with brown a runner-up to black, or pale and gently flattering, giving an air of frailty as the winds grow colder. Hats vary enormously, small to large; berets to plant-pots; pale and subtle or vividly coloured. They, too, have an infectious gaiety.

A cardigan-suit, in speckly tweed in oatmeal shades, with a luxurious short top-coat, edged with matching fox-fur. This suit is an ideal combination of fashion news and warmth. By Koupy, from Simpsons, Piccadilly; Marshall and Snelgrove, Bradford. Hat by Madge Chard.

Black, the colour-about-town, and wool-jersey, good-humoured and wearable, combine in a slim-fitting dress, with a deep, stiffened cummerbund, and a short, loose jacket. By Horrockses, price about 15 gns., from Harrods; Chanelle, Bournemouth; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Hat by Madge Chard.

A stem-slim, grey wool dress, the high neck fringe-edged, with a loose tweed jacket in shades of grey-and-pink, faced and cuffed with the grey fabric of the dress, and edged with grey fringe. The jacket has the season's above-the-wrist length sleeves. By Matita, from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge ; and Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Hat by Madge Chard.

Reflected beauty, in an antique mirror—a charming young cocktail dress, in café-au-lait and black flowered brocade, with a black net full underskirt. The bodice fits gently, with a portrait neckline and small, draped sleeves. The generous skirt flares out from a neat, belted waistline. Available in the "Gainsborough Room," Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

As Daylight Fades

As the evenings draw in, and lamps and fires are lighted, we savour once again the mellow joys of tea-parties, friendly and informal gatherings for drinks at the end of a weary day, or the larger and more formal cocktail parties and receptions. Fabrics glisten, glide and rustle, and skirts flow softly, as the evenings close in.

Photographed at "Marble & Lemon," Cheval Place, Knightsbridge.

Right : Black taffeta, printed in white and pastel shades. A cocktail dress, with a cross-over bodice and side drapery on a slim skirt. Lady in Black, price about 17 gns., from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street ; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Cocktail hat by Madge Chard.

In deep violet-coloured wool-crêpe, this afternoon dress in the Spanish mood clings to the figure from high neck to thigh, whirling out into a deep, finely-pleated "lamp-shade frill." By Marcus, price about 29½ gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Birmingham.

Black velvet, a most flattering fabric for long, dark evenings, gives an old-world charm to this cocktail dress, with a low neck-line and wide, tiered skirt. By Roecliff and Chapman, price approximately £18, from Rocha, Grafton Street ; and Barrance and Ford, Brighton.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

On with the Dance!

Amusing fabrics make their appearance for evening dresses this Autumn—strange weaves, exotic colours, and the favourite blacks, whites and more muted shades. Short evening dresses are still the choice for restaurant wear and informal parties, with longer dresses for the more formal ball. As with all fashions at the moment, there is a very wide range from which to choose.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Michael Williams.

Above : A short evening dress with a snugly-fitting, detachable spencer jacket, in a new fabric, woven in sherry-and-black pure silk tweed. A strapless top, with false cartridge pockets, emerges when the jacket is shed, the midriff is smooth and the skirt bell-shaped. By Frank Usher, price about 27 gns., from Woollands, Knightsbridge; Ayris, Cheltenham; and John Walsh, Sheffield. Jewellery by Paris House, South Molton Street.

Right : Graceful and dignified, for the older woman, a beautifully-draped dress in black romaine crêpe and dull satin, with a swathed bodice and attractive beaded embroidery. By Mary Black, price about 27 gns., from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. Jewellery from Paris House.

A ball dress in an unusual fabric, grey silk, flocked with white chenille, in a trellis pattern. The bodice is widely cuffed, with back-buttoning, the wide skirt being caught half-way down by a grey velvet bow. By Frederick Starke, from Adrian, Regent Street ; and John Moses, Newcastle.

OUR AUTUMN FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Photographed by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

Elegant Economy

A boxy suit for any age, in a delightful combination of sherry-coloured velours and black velvet. The skirt is slim-fitting, the jacket has a wide collar and cuffs, with double-breasted fastening and slanting pockets. By Deréta, price 12 gns., from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street ; Huntbach, Hanley ; and Noël Fashions, Oxford. The little black velvet hat is by Madge Chard.

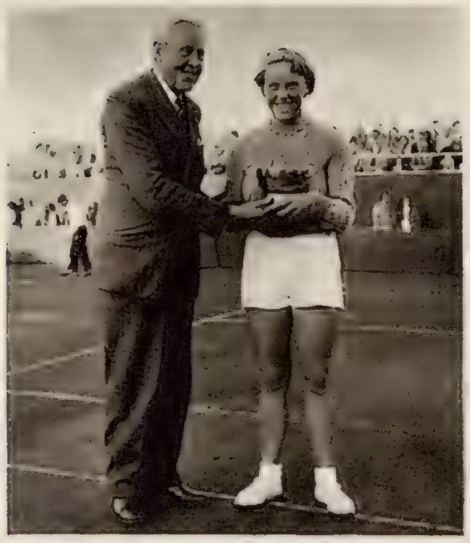
THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA

This delightful study of lovely Ava Gardner is from the United Artists' Technicolour film, *The Barefoot Contessa*, which is shortly to be seen in this country. Written, produced and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the film has a Cinderella theme—the tale of a beautiful peasant girl who, discovered singing in a sleazy Madrid cabaret, becomes a highly successful film star and eventually marries an Italian count—and many American and European actresses clamoured for the rôle before Mr. Mankiewicz decided upon Ava Gardner. With Miss Gardner in the film are Humphrey Bogart, Marius Goring and Edmond O'Brien, Valentina Cortese, Elizabeth Sellars, Warren Stevens and Diana Decker.

Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.

J. B. PRIESTLEY, ESQ.

Friends of author J. B. Priestley got together last week to celebrate his sixtieth birthday with a banquet at the Dorchester Hotel, arranged by Foyles. Among those who came to congratulate him and recall his past achievements were Mr. A. S. Frere, chairman of Heinemanns; Augustus John, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Miss Phyllis Bentley and guest speakers Sir Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Norman Collins. The party was in the nature of a double celebration for Mr. Priestley, for his latest novel—*Low Notes on a High Level* (Heinemanns; 10s. 6d.)—a very brilliant and extremely amusing satire on a broadcasting station (all characters, needless to say, Strictly Fictitious!)—was published on September 6th.



THE YOUNGER ELEMENT

ANN HAYDON, Wimbledon winner at fifteen, and BRIDGET JACKSON, golf champion at seventeen.

Winner of the Girls' Lawn Tennis Championships, co-winner of the Girls' Doubles title, and an International in Senior Table Tennis, here (*left*) Ann Haydon, of King's Heath, Birmingham, receives the championship cup from Mr. J. Eaton, Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, at Wimbledon on September 11th.——Another talented lass from Birmingham is Bridget Jackson, shown here receiving the Girls' Championship Cup from Mr. Arthur Cohen, of West Kilbride Golf Club. But Bridget is growing up—she has won two adult championships already this summer, and is Staffordshire and Midlands champion as well.

E. MONK : Soap Box Derby star of 1954.

An embryo Stirling Moss pedals furiously towards the finishing line as *Ripple III*.—E. Monk up—rolls to victory for the 1st Ripley Group in the Wolf Cubs' Class "A" event in the Soap Box Derby of 1954, held on the Royal Albert Drive at Scarborough on September 11th.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

THE TUB-HUMPERS OF MARKGRONIGEN : For humping tubs.

With a sheep as first prize, *fraus* and *frauleins* with tubs aloft step out for the winning-post in a traditional water-tub race during a People's Festival in this town in South-West Germany.

TESSA FENTON : For being a "qualified" success.

Cinema chief Sidney Bernstein apparently believes with our cousins across the Atlantic that if you have something to sell, it 's a good idea to have a "gimmick." He advertised for a girl "with the appearance of a fashion model and the brains of a B.Sc." to lecture on the intricacies of four-track magnetic high fidelity stereophonic sound "to journalists and others." Tessa, twenty-one, a blonde beauty with a B.Sc., and the daughter of an advertising executive, seems to have been ready-made, so to speak, for the job.

LORD KILLBRAKEN : For turning actor without turning a hair.

Carrying a pig aboard *The Pequod* during the shooting of a scene for the John Huston production of *Moby Dick* is Lord Killbraken, Irish socialite farmer, who has already turned—successfully—to journalism. Most of the extras in this film are Irish, and most of the location scenes have been shot in Youghal, Co. Cork. Many of the cast of *Moby Dick* seem to be suffering with various injuries nowadays, incurred on the high seas in the course of duty, but we dare say Lord Killbraken will be all right if that pig holds still.

The view from the garden of Government House is of the harbour and the houses of St. Georges, which are built of a delightful rose-red brick, brought across in great quantities as ballast in the sugar boats.

The Governor and Mrs. Beetham pictured against a pretty, bougainvillea-decorated arch in the Residency's small, informal drawing-room.

Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad

HIS EXCELLENCY EDWARD BEETHAM, C.M.G., C.V.O., O.B.E.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Windward Islands

The Governor of the Windward Islands comes from a very old Westmorland family who occupied Beetham Hall—originally built as a stronghold in the days of the Border raids and later enlarged to become a small castle—until the end of the nineteenth century. His Excellency started his Colonial Office career as a District Officer in Kenya, was Chief Assistant Colonial Secretary in Sierra Leone during the early war years, when the bulk of shipping had to go round the Cape and Freetown was our second largest convoy port, and in 1946, as Resident Commissioner in Swaziland, played a major rôle in the establishment of what will soon become the largest man-made forest in the world—the Basuto Forest on the High Velde. Resident Commissionership in the Bechuanaland Protectorate was the next step, and there, under his ægis, the world-publicised Kalahari Mission visited the Kalahari Desert and recommended the Afro-European partnership in a large venture to increase beef production. In the Windward Islands, his Excellency has a very scattered parish, covering Grenada, the seat of the Government; St. Lucia, the sugar island; Dominica and St. Vincent, plus about twenty tiny Grenadine islands which are mostly inhabited and all have their individual problems. The Beethams live in the capital of Grenada, St. Georges, in a delightful Georgian residence which they have had completely redecorated. Busy as she is in her home, Mrs. Beetham takes an active interest in the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Girl Guide movement and the "Happy Hearts Club," which welcomes girls from five to twenty-five, teaches them cooking, camping and needlework and is very popular in the island. Golf is the Governor's favourite sport, but there are no links in the islands, so swimming in the beautiful blue Caribbean has become the Beethams' favourite relaxation.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Anne Bolt.

His Excellency presides over a weekly meeting of the Executive Council. On his left is his Honour Administrator Wallace MacMillan; on his right, Mr. John Renwick, M.L.C.

Mrs. Beetham likes to arrange her own flowers for special occasions: she is shown here in the large drawing-room; on the right are some of the Governor's collection of miniatures.

n a recent visit to St. Vincent, his Excellency, as Commander-in-ief, inspected a parade of all the local services: the smartly turned-out body of men here is the island's police force.

Making bandages with Mrs. Beetham are members of the 1st Division Grenada Order of St. John: Anthea Shillingford, dressmaker, Joyce Squires, stenographer, and Sheila Hagley, who works at Traffic Control.

At work in her lovely garden above the harbour, Mrs. Beetham is completely happy. Supervising operations here is her beloved wire-haired terrier, who goes by the name of *Sin*.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Some Dockers and a Chauffeur's Daughter

ON THE WATERFRONT

(*Gaumont*)

HOLLYWOOD directors, at their best, have always shown great power with gangster stories. *On the Waterfront*, directed by Elia Kazan, is a modern variant of *Little Cæsar*, *Scarface* and *Enemies of the Public*. It deals with the monstrous reign of terror in American dockyards disclosed a few years ago in a series of articles in the *New York Sun*, by Malcolm Johnson, who won the Pulitzer Prize for reporting.

The fictional story developed from Johnson's findings deals with a longshoreman who has grown up the hard way, and learnt that on the waterfront the people who live longest are those who see nothing, hear nothing and say nothing. Our hero is no better, and certainly no brighter, than the next man, but a few shreds of decency still cling to him, and when he falls in love with a girl whose brother has been liquidated by the System, there is something left for honest rage to work on. I won't try to describe the agonising stages by which the longshoreman contrives to climb out of the depths in which circumstance has plunged him, but I must say that Marlon Brando's performance makes the process seem utterly right and true.

Brando's development of the part is superb. He gives us a man who grows under our eyes. We watch the slow struggle in the plodding brain, as automatic action gives way to independent thought. *On the Waterfront* confirms the impression many of us gained from *Julius Cæsar*, *Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Men*, that Brando is one of the most exciting acting discoveries Hollywood has ever made. He is well accompanied in the present film. A new girl, Eva Marie Saint, brings to the heroine not only fine-boned, fair good looks, but a keen mind and sensitive face. Karl Malden, whom I shall always think of as the Ralph Richardson of the American screen, gives a magnificent performance as the waterfront priest; a combination of martyr, lion-tamer and member of the Church Militant; who believes that good sermons are not confined to pulpits; but can be delivered on a mount; in a ship's hold; anywhere that there are ears to hear.

SABRINA FAIR

(*Plaza*)

THE film version of this light romantic comedy would seem to have the perfect recipe for success—a fashionable new star in a favourite old story.

Audrey Hepburn is the girl whom every director to-day would like to have in one of his films. Her wide eyes under their thick dark brows, her smile, either secret or sparkling, her carefully disordered fringe, the long lines of her figure, and her odd, distinctive walk, almost as if she were leaning against the wind, tumble men down like ninepins. She is the ideal New Look star. Whether she is a great actress we have had no opportunity to learn. So far we have only seen her in two films of note. But in both *Roman Holiday* and *Sabrina Fair* her performance is enchanting.

Sabrina tells the story of an English chauffeur's daughter, who has grown up on a rich estate on Long Island with an artless passion for David (William Holden), the younger son of her father's millionaire employer. David scarcely notices the leggy, coltish Sabrina, but the chauffeur, a stickler for social distinctions, packs his daughter off to a cookery school in Paris, just in case. This proves to be a fatal mistake, for Sabrina learns many things in Paris besides the art of the *soufflé*. When she comes back to Long Island, poised, bewitching, beautifully dressed, David is ready to fall into her hand like a ripe plum.

The millionaire circle grows alarmed. It is important for business that David should marry a sugar-cane heiress, to whom he has been reasonably attracted until the girl from the garage came along. Something must be done, and Linus (Humphrey Bogart), the elder brother, takes a hand. Linus is a dry old stick whose interests seem to lie exclusively in plastics. But, as a matter of duty, he feigns an interest in Sabrina; takes her out on little jaunts; picnics, dinner and a theatre. His phonograph records are old-fashioned and his love-making is a trifle rusty, but it will all come back to him in time, he says, "just like riding a bicycle." You don't need to be told, of course, that what started as pretence very soon becomes reality.

The film keeps the spectator guessing which brother Sabrina will choose till almost the last moment. As a piece of work it is extremely craftsmanlike; although at times the farce (sitting-down-on-champagne-glass type) is apt to be a little trying. The music-track plugs two old songs, but both are good ones—*Isn't it Romantic?* as a theme-tune for David, *La Vie en Rose* as a line on Linus. William Holden does well enough, in a part that gives him no special opportunities. Audrey Hepburn sparkles and captivates. Perhaps the film's greatest surprise comes from Humphrey Bogart, that leathery, experienced veteran; who reveals unsuspected depths of humane comedy, and sometimes steals a scene right under Cinderella's neat, enchanting nose.

"Wouldn't be so bad if the tiny feet would do their own pattering."

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

(*Warner*)

THIS is an inordinately long CinemaScope affair with John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Robert Newton and others, about the hazards of civil aviation. Adapted by Ernest Gann from his own novel, it deals with a flight from Honolulu to San Francisco, and studies the behaviour of passengers and crew when the airliner in which they are travelling seems likely to come down in the ocean. The book was a powerful one; but the film, though hewing close to its main line, isn't nearly so successful. The characters give the impression of Hollywood types rather than human beings. Phrases which read well don't seem to speak well. Situations that were moving in the book tend to be merely embarrassing in the cinema, and are not made less so by well-meaning efforts from Celestial Orchestra and Choir.

ROSE MARIE

(*Empire*)

AN obvious choice for the first musical comedy to be produced in CinemaScope. The wide screen does handsomely by the sweeping scenery of North-West Canada, and stereophonic sound has a fine time echoing Indian Love Calls from mountain to mountain.

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Humber Hawk

HERE is a handsome car with proportions and line that cannot but be praised. Humbers have been making a *Hawk* for a good many years, and in accordance with their usual practice they have restyled and modified from time to time.

It is by general standards quite a large car, and, indeed, its claim to seat six in comfort is not an exaggeration. The bench front seat, and certainly the wide rear seat, will take three each without cramping. For fewer passengers, the wide folding centre arm-rests provide full armchair comfort without any doubt, the trimming and interior finish being of traditional quality. There are also very useful wide pockets (almost doorless cupboards) in the front doors and arm-rests on all four.

The driving position should suit most people well, although for my personal anatomy and chosen position, I 'd prefer the wheel a trifle lower and longer of column. However, I enjoyed driving the car. The foot controls are fine, and I welcomed the fitting of a rubber-covered foot-rest over the dipper switch, providing, as it does, a most comfortable spot for the left foot. Vision is good, both fore and aft.

The luggage boot is spacious, and I highly approve the simple catch, which opens at a mere turn with two fingers. The lid is perfectly counterpoised and really does stay just where you put it without fear of decapitation—a welcome feature. And the same applies to the engine cover, too.

The engine, which is rated at 16.25 h.p., performs well. Out on the road, the *Hawk* proved to be one of the quietest cars I 've had for some time, with both mechanical and wind noise at a minimum (my constant radio listening told me that). In spite of its being a comparatively large car for its power, this is an eighty-miles-an-hour machine, with acceleration good enough to let me enjoy some fastish motoring. Of the suspension and steering, I will say that at first I found rather more roll on corners than I like as a rule, and the suspension does perhaps tend to be a little sharp on not-too-good roads. A couple of hundred miles made me think less of this, however.

The car I used was fitted with the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive, which is becoming so popular and wide in its application. This certainly is a pleasing feature on any car. The ability to flip the neat little lever from direct to overdrive without doing anything else is fascinating and performs useful functions. Less engine speed (and thus less wear) and less fuel consumption are but two of the benefits. On the *Hawk* I began to use overdrive almost as top gear, changing into it at anything above 40 m.p.h., and very quickly nipping down to top when I needed extra acceleration for passing, and the like. And with one longish run of hard driving, my fuel consumption came out around 28 m.p.g., which I rate as good for this biggish car.

The *Hawk* has one fault, however, in common with quite a number of cars of to-day; I found the lights not quite up to performance. The difference between " dipped " and " main beam," as they term it, was not very great, and, while I was at ease on familiar roads, on strange territory I held back.

One further detail. The instruction book contains a large maintenance chart in colour, printed on stiff paper and clearly illustrated. That is a fine thing to have, to put on one's garage wall, especially for the enthusiast who likes to do some of the maintenance work himself.

CURRENT TOPICS

" Lorry Driver of the Year "

I SEE that my two good friends, Godfrey Imhoff and Raymond Baxter, are once more running the Commercial Vehicle Rally for the Coventry Road Accident Prevention Council. It was from their joint suggestion that this event was started last year. This year, a similar one has been held in Portsmouth. The final, to be held on October 9th, will decide who gets the title " Lorry Driver of the Year," and the first three from each class at Portsmouth and Coventry will compete. It will be held on the car park of the Standard Motor Company's works at Coventry.

If you want to see large vehicles magnificently handled, then go and watch. It is great fun, too, and a lesson to all in the skilful handling of a vehicle. Nor is the maintenance side neglected, for only a well-kept vehicle is a really safe one.

The Commercial Motor Vehicle Show

TALKING of Commercial vehicles reminds me that the Commercial Motor Vehicle Show, held every other year, is at Earls Court on September 24th to October 2nd. This is a show that well repays a visit. To start with, most of the same accessory firms exhibit as for the Motor Show, and the crowd is usually less. Thus, anyone who wants to look round in greater peace has this opportunity. Then I always think that the vehicles themselves are of great interest, especially to anyone of mechanical mind. Commercial vehicles are to some extent more advanced in design than cars, and some of them are of immense size.

The " Dormobile " Again

NOT long ago I wrote about the Bedford *Dormobile*. This admirable vehicle, which seats twelve, was free of purchase tax, since the seating capacity brought it within the legal definition of a bus. Alas, the bureaucrats have woken up, and I gather that from October 1st purchase tax will be payable.

I think this is the limit. If a law is made and someone finds a way of producing something that many people will accept as being near enough to being a car without being one as defined in that law, then the powers should stick to it. Bad cess to the mind that does this sort of trick! The only saving grace is that there are no signs of its being made retrospective.

Five Stars

SO the A.A., the R.A.C. and the R.S.A.C. are to revive the five-star classification, which they term the supreme hallmark of excellence for hotels. That 's fine, but I rather wish they would start at the other end and take some stars off doubtful places. The attitude of some hotels is still that of the " stay here if you must " type. In some of the country places I often think the landlord has bought the place as a home for himself alone. As to stray callers who demand a simple sandwich—they are not wanted!

And I would like to see the old " Inn " classification revived, too. One often gets really first-class attention and good plain food at tiny country inns, and often I prefer them to the impersonal magnificence of the vast establishments. For good company and a pleasant stay, some of these inns are unbeatable in my view.

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On the left, the ladies' Burberry, in twice proofed Burberry Gabardine, is available unbelted or belted—the ideal weatherproof for town, country or travel. In fawn from £12.10s.3d., in various other colours from £13.10s.0d.

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A matter of quality and taste

WORCESTER TEAPOT *Dr. Wall Period (1751-1783)*

"What a lovely teapot, Betty!"

"It's genuine old Worcester, been in the family for ages. My dear, you are honoured—I use it only on very special occasions."

"It must be difficult to find a tea to live up to such a treasure."

"Wait till you taste this tea. We ran out of our usual blend and cook insisted we try this. 'Choicest', it's called, and that accurately describes it. Blended by Brooke Bond. And, after all, if Brooke Bond can't blend a fine tea, who can? . . . And no need now for me to send a special order to Town for tea. I can get 'Choicest' from my local grocer."

Brooke Bond recommend their 'Choicest' tea to all who enjoy and appreciate a fine blend.
Freshly delivered weekly to grocers everywhere.
Put it on your weekly shopping order.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

I REMEMBER from my childhood a thing called a Japanese hand-warmer, which, so far as I can now recall, was an oblong tin covered with some soft material, and kept warm from charcoal which burnt slowly within it. This hard but comforting object came to my mind when I was introduced to a truly wonderful form of heat treatment which bears little if any resemblance to my old friend. *Zermopac*, as it is called, is an ingenious form of radiant heat, consisting of a bag in a rubberised container (there are three sizes). You pour two teaspoonfuls of hot or cold water into the bag and in a few moments the *Zermopac* begins to grow warm and heats to a temperature of 110 degs. F. and then to a maximum of 160 degs. F., and will remain between these temperatures for about sixty hours by simply adding further teaspoonfuls of water at stated intervals. Alternatively you can stop using the *Zermopac*, store it and use it again until its sixty hours of active life have elapsed and it needs a refill. For rheumatism and kindred ills this form of radiant heat is a positive boon and also in many conditions where poultice treatment is prescribed. Apart from its medical uses the Junior size, which fits the pocket, would be a great comfort when you are out of doors in cold wet weather.

* * *

In the current adaptation of *The Diary of a Nobody*, at the Arts Theatre in London, we see the disastrous results to the servant after Mr. Pooter has painted the bath red. Mr. Pooter happily was not seized with the desire to oil everything in the house (other than himself and his friends—but then whisky was only a few shillings a bottle). An oil-can can (Mr. Pooter will creep in !) be a dangerous weapon when used with vigour on every lock and hinge in the happy home and I have frequently suffered from the after-effects of such bursts of enthusiasm. Luckily for me, and others, an invention called the *Lubristyl* oil pen renders the old oil-can a thing of the past. It is an excellent device, since it not only puts oil exactly and only where you want it, but sucks back excess oil. Closed, it resembles a fountain pen, but when the cap is removed a needle-like nib is revealed which is simply pressed on to the spot to be oiled. There are three grades of oil pen, Grade I. being suitable for household purposes.

* * *

Now for a different type of pen ; this one contains not oil but glue and is useful either in the home or the office. For use, this pen (which resembles a large fountain pen) is held in a vertical position and each time the point is pressed or tapped on to the piece of paper, photograph, or what-will-you, a dot of glue is released. The glue is of a new type which adheres very quickly and firmly, but should you put some of it in the wrong place it can be rubbed off cleanly without doing any damage. When I first used my glue pen I was inclined to wield it too vigorously, but now, with a gentler touch, I find it most useful and effective. Each glass refill for the pen contains about 5,000 dots of glue and here, not having counted them myself, I rely entirely on the manufacturer !

* * *

One of the newest and nicest smells of London is the aroma of *Espresso* coffee wafting across the streets from the ever-increasing coffee houses. A number of Italian-made machines can now be bought in this country for making this type of coffee in the home. I have had one of these for several weeks—it is called *Vesuviana*—and I am extremely pleased with it. It is made of heavy cast aluminium and should last a life-time. Full directions are supplied in English which, while clear and *espressivo*, bear amusing testimony to their foreign origin. Briefly the coffee is made by high-pressure steam condensation, and the machine can be used on any type of stove. Prices vary according to the " cup capacity " of the jug which forms part of the machine, and this is measured in terms of small coffee cups.

* * *

An excellent paint cleaner, which until recently was only supplied to hospitals and industrial concerns, has now been put on the market for domestic use. It is a scientific preparation designed specifically for cleaning paint and enamel surfaces rapidly without the use of water or the need for scrubbing, and without damaging the hands. This cleaner, which can be bought in a tube or small tin, may be applied on small areas with a cloth or, in the case of walls and large areas, with a brush. It is wiped off with a moist cloth which speedily removes the dirt and grease.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

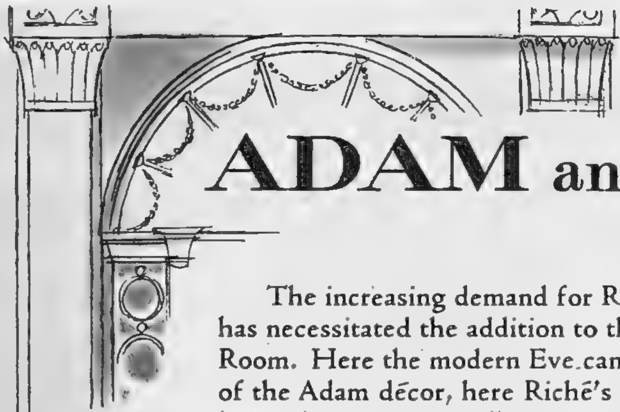
" *Zermopac* " : Standard, Single 6s. ; Small, Junior 4s. 6d. ; Large, Double 7s. 6d. Refills : 5s. ; 4s. and 6s. 6d. each ; Harrods, and leading chemists.

" *Lubristyl* " Oil Pen : 12s. 6d. ; Druce ; Gamages ; Army and Navy Stores.

" *Fastik* " Glue Pen : 6s. 9d. ; H. J. Ryman and other leading stationers.

" *Vesuviana* " coffee machines : from 33s. 6d. to 123s., according to " cup " size ; Twinings.

" *Renoglene* " paint cleaner : pint tins 4s. ; tubes 1s. 3d. ; Leyland Paint and Varnish Co. Ltd., 75, Newman Street, W.1.

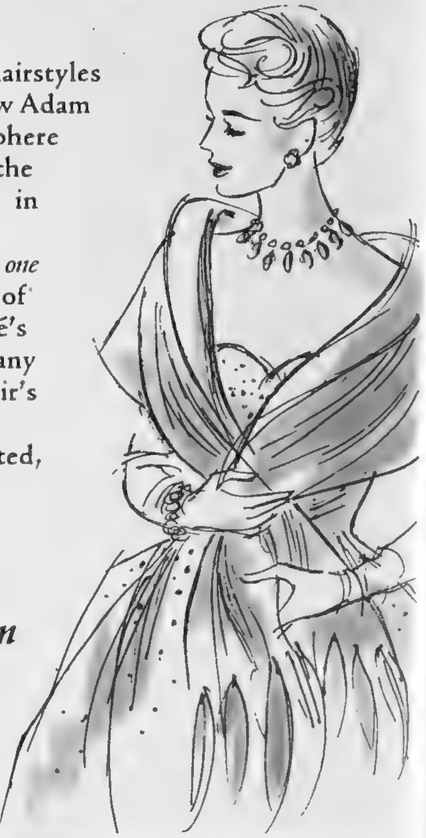


ADAM and the modern EVE

The increasing demand for Riché's individually created hairstyles has necessitated the addition to the existing salons of the new Adam Room. Here the modern Eve can relax in the elegant atmosphere of the Adam décor, here Riché's superb artistry in creating the hairstyle expressing "your personality" can be enjoyed in comfort by his ever-increasing clientele.

Riché believes in having all his services available in *one* establishment so that each individual client can be assured of his personal supervision—so important a part of Riché's service. Now, with the addition of the Adam Room, as many as sixty clients at one time can enjoy the artistry of Mayfair's greatest hairstylist.

Riché sets the fashion in practical hairstyles—sophisticated, soignée and still within your budget.



Riché *for hair perfection*

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SAYS

Evelyn Laye

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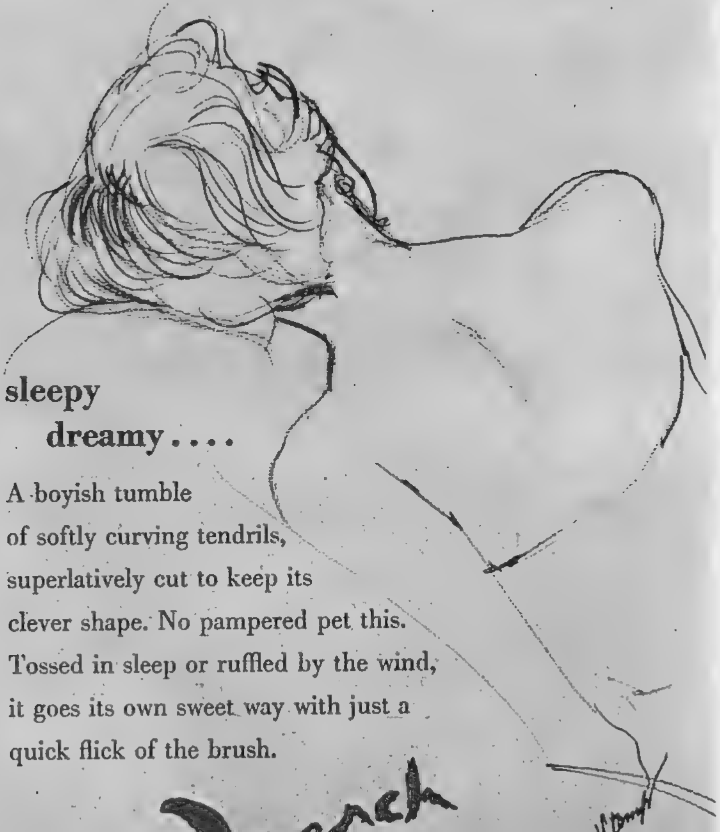

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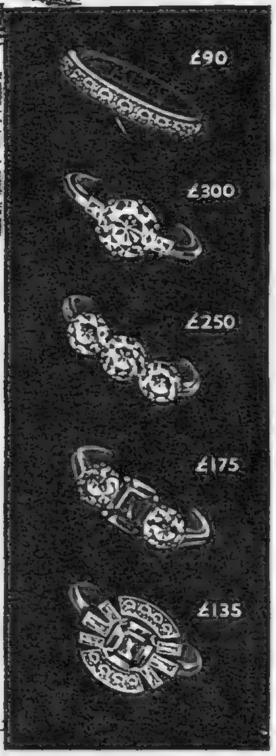

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"Roberta May", the winning cocktail at the U.K. Bartenders' World Cocktail Competition, was made with Smirnoff Vodka.

HERE IS THE RECIPE:

⅓ Smirnoff Vodka
⅓ Aurum (Italian Orange Liqueur)
⅓ Orange Squash (Schweppes)
A dash of white of egg

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of ½ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

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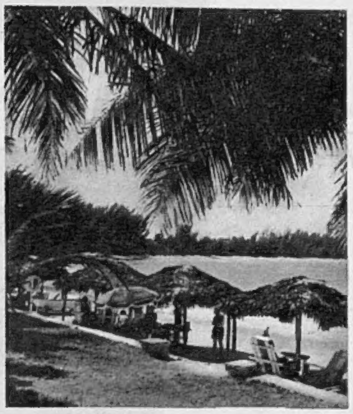

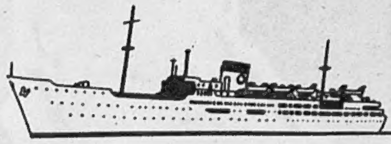

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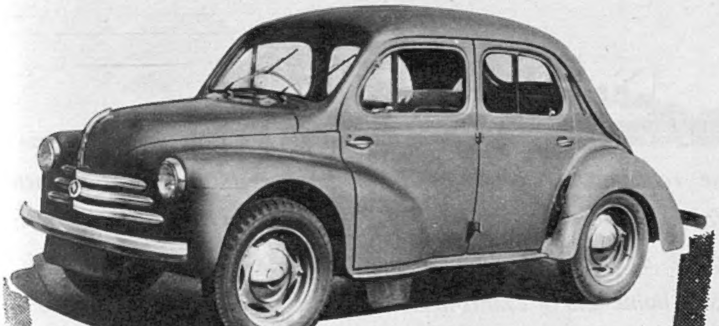

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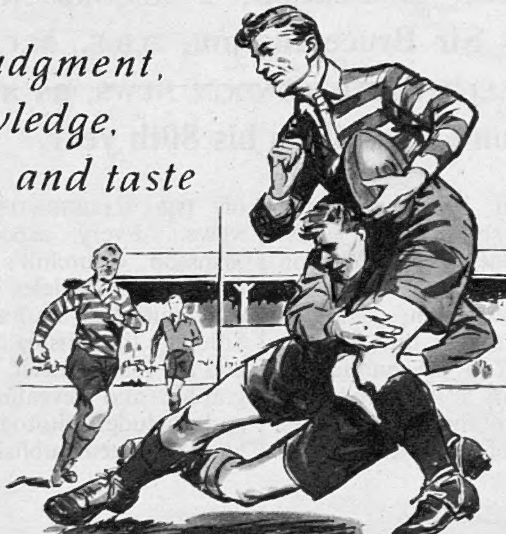

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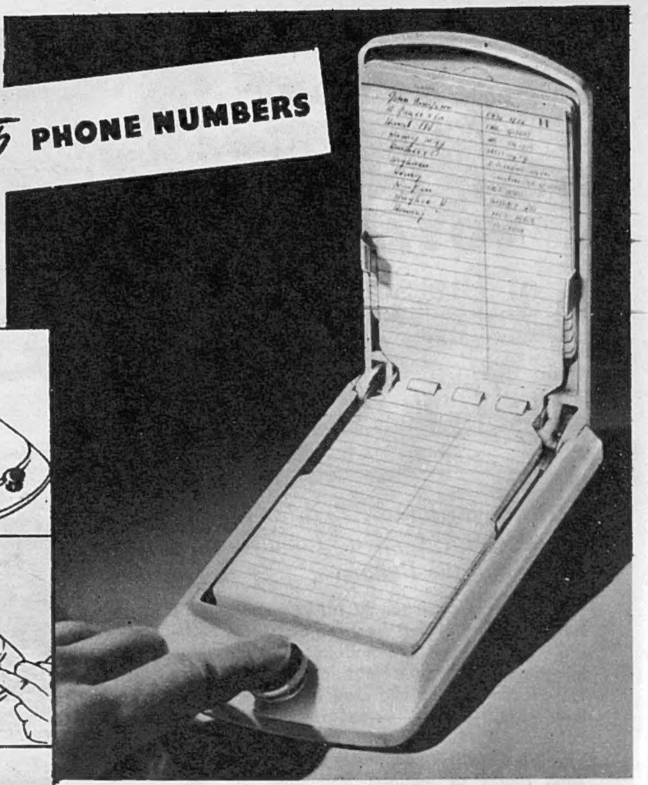

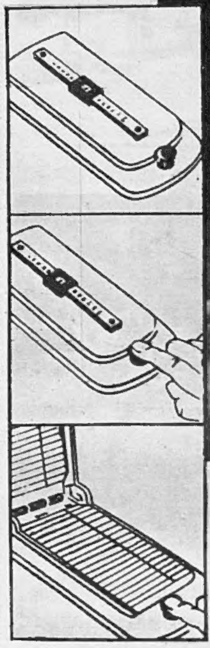

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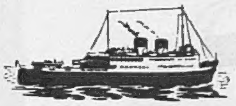

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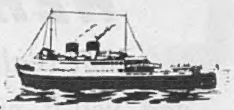

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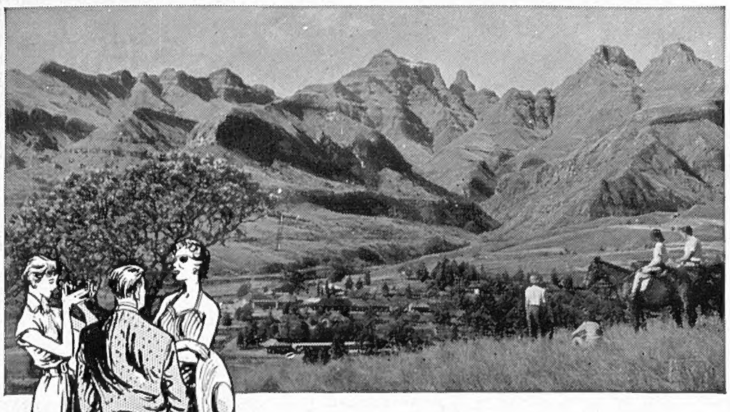
A holiday in South Africa



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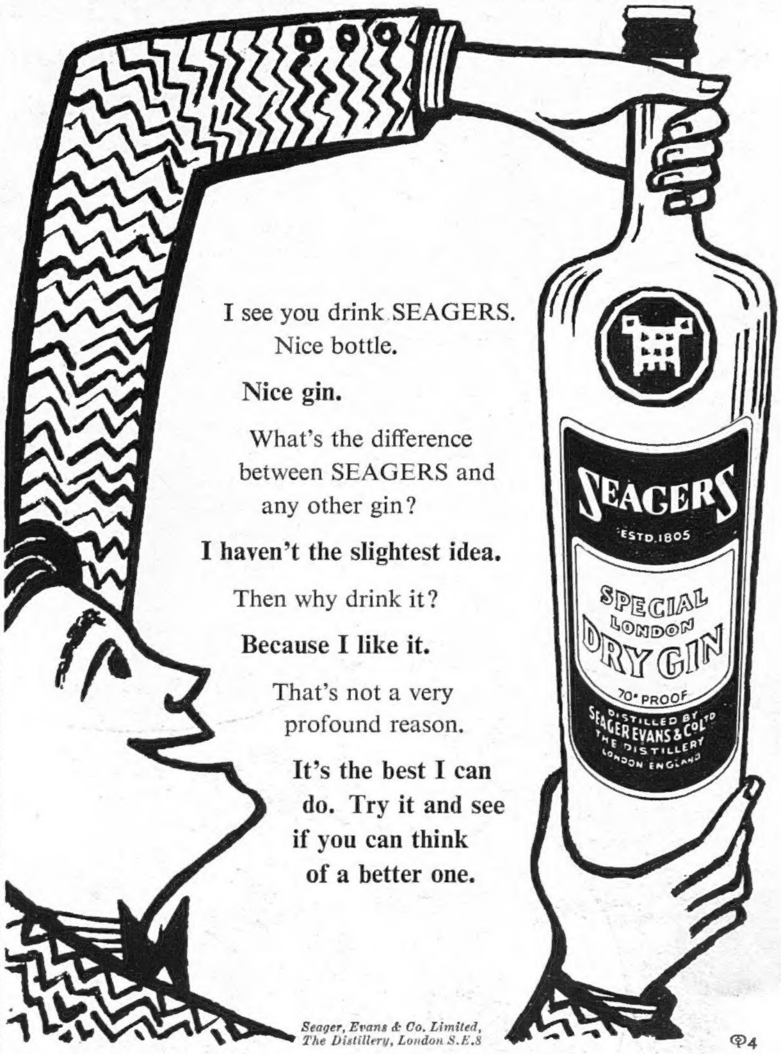

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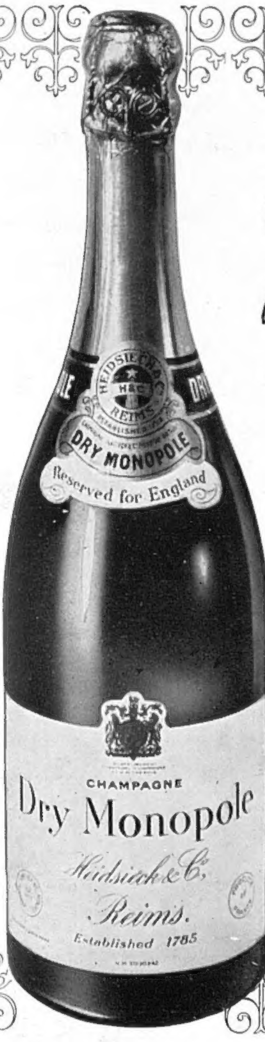

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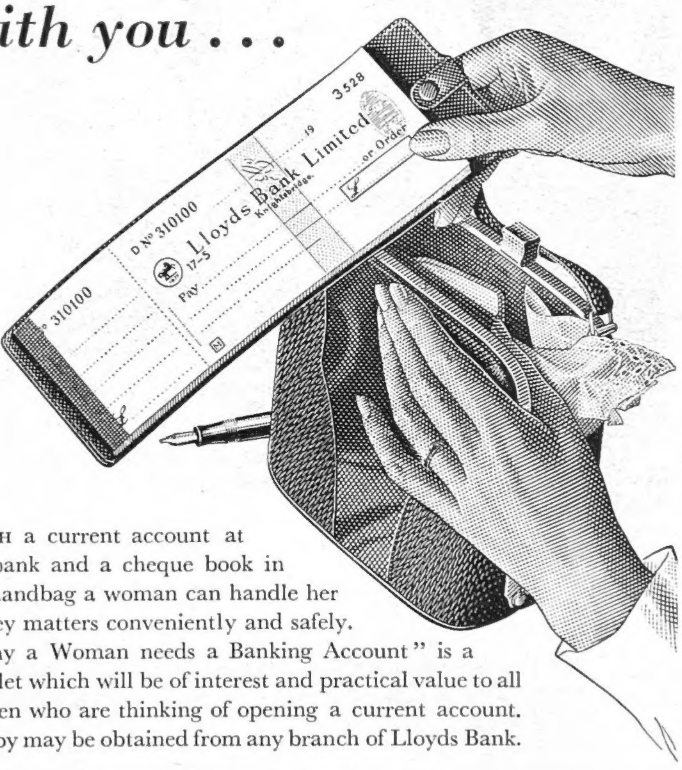

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